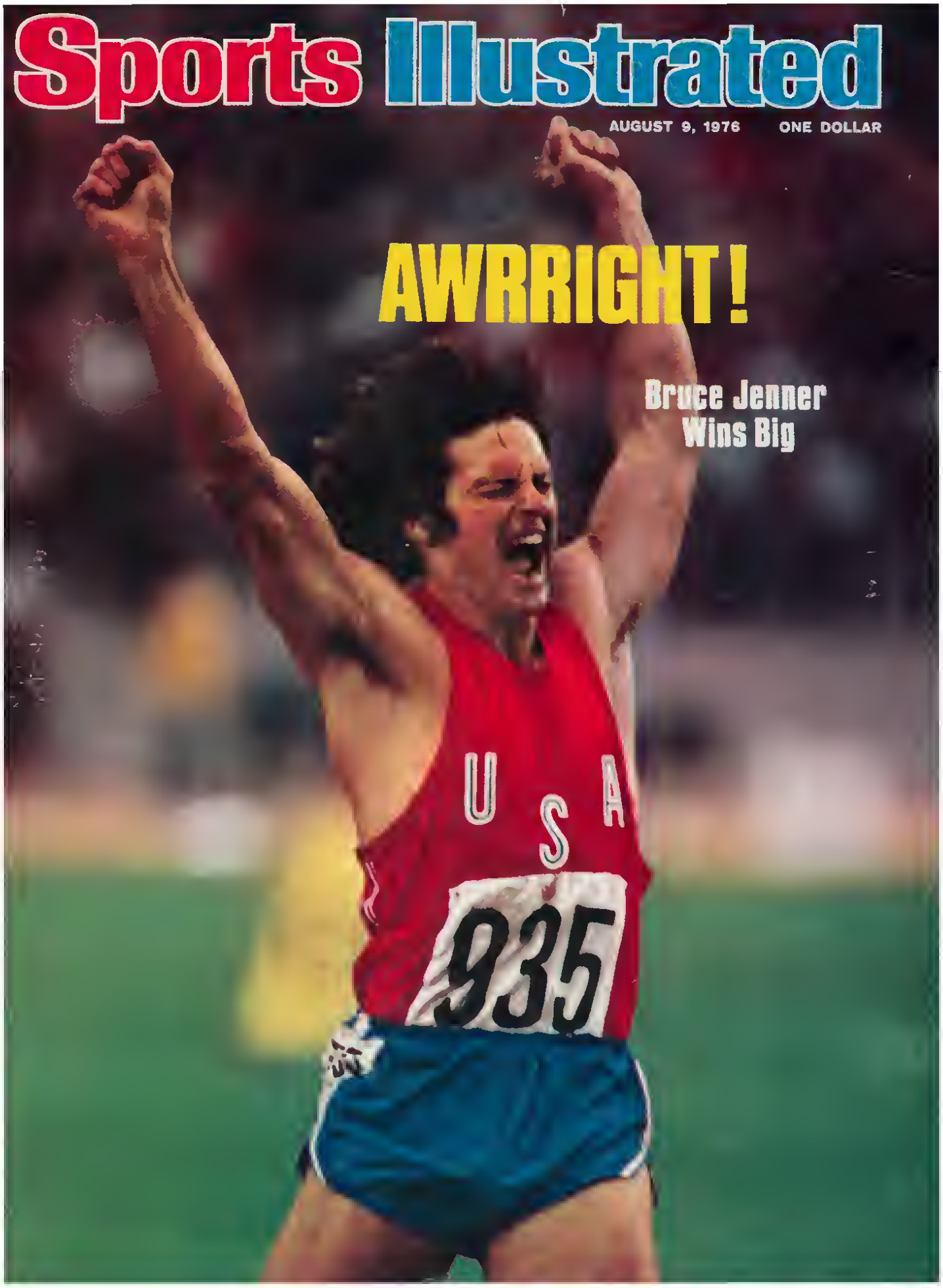
Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 9, 1976 ONE DOLLAR



AWRRIGHT!

Bruce Jenner Wins Big

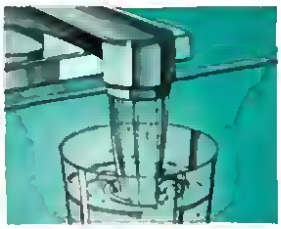
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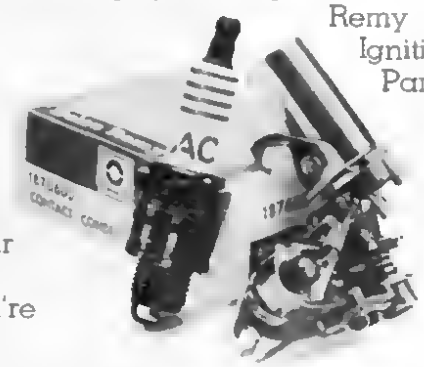


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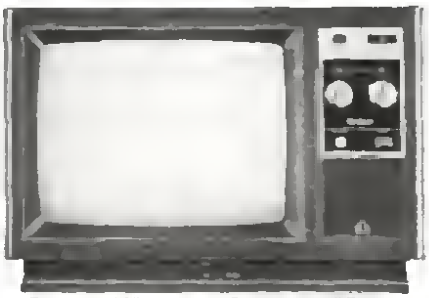
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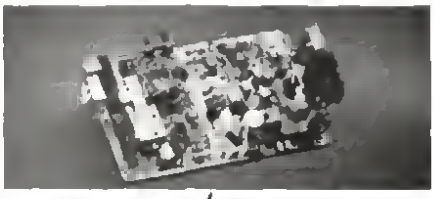
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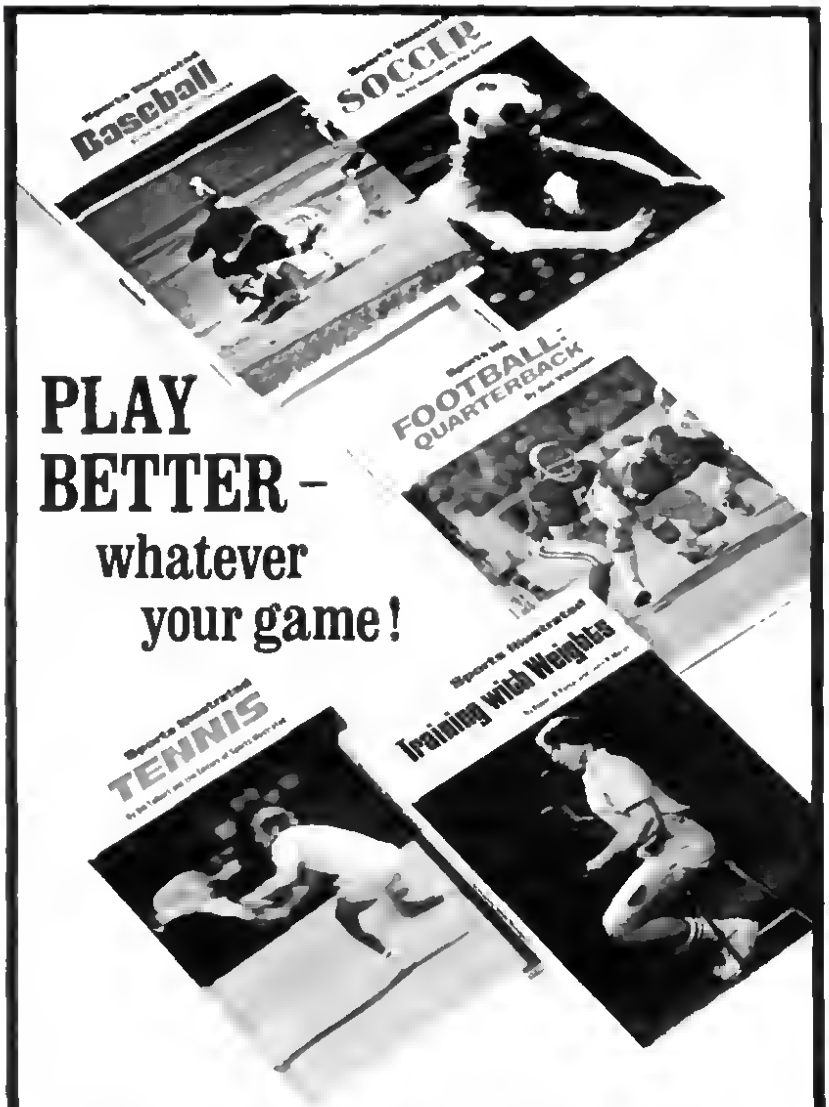
Next Week

A PILGRIMAGE takes Roger Kahn deep into Baseball, U.S.A. In the first part of a series, he tells of his family's four-generation devotion to the game, then heads west to find nostalgic moments in the Ozarks, shining success in Los Angeles and headaches in Houston

A CRUSADE to corner the free-agent market—at least in backs and ends—is being conducted by George Allen, whose ample bankroll helped him sign Jean Fugett, Calvin Hill and John Riggins. Robert F Jones reports on the new knights in Redskin armor

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Shopwalk

by MICHAEL DeINAGRO

ALMOST ANYTHING GOES WITH A HORSE TRAOER, EVEN MUSTARD ON THE FROGS

The moment John F. Simpson Sr laid eyes on the lead pony at the Indiana State Fair, he knew he had to own it. John Simpson knows horseflesh, he has driven two Hambletonian winners and he has won 1,467 races. What caught his fancy at the fair was the courtly manner of the Appaloosa stallion leading the trotters to the post. Simpson knew that placid stallions are as rare as those that whistle. He bought this stud for $2,000, no bargain for a horse that doesn't race or breed colts that can. Arriving home a week later, Simpson was stunned to hear that his stud had kicked down a fence and stomped silly every horse it could get near. "After a lifetime around horses you think you're half sharp," Simpson says, in embarrassment. In Indiana, the Appaloosa had been tranquilized.

Horse-trading stories make lively telling, especially today when so many amateurs are buying into racing. Del Miller delights in telling nonhorsemen about Traders Alley, a merchant's haven at the Jacktown Fair in Wind Ridge, Pa. Here cows and pigs and horses are peddled, and here a man Miller knows was recently offered a horse. It was pointed out idling by an oak. Walking over to the horse, Miller's friend saw that it was not standing alongside the tree but was propped against it—dead as a rug.

In *Some More Horse Tradin'* Ben K. Green, a Texas veterinarian-author, tells of some of the charming swindles pulled off in pioneer days. Green himself was not immune to hamboozlement. Once a Mexican breeder sold him two dozen fresh mounts that Green planned to resell to the U.S. Cavalry. The horses were saddle-marked, even though, it turned out, they had never been ridden. Another time a friend of his bought a plower that he soon discovered was chronically nauseous. The preacher who sold it had temporarily stopped the animal from heaving by feeding it turpentine.

Horse buying is still risky. There are wonderful ways to camouflage defects or inadequacies in standardbreds and thoroughbreds. A diuretic injection is capable of causing the fluid to dissipate from the tissue of a swollen leg joint overnight. The swelling returns in a couple of days, of course. A gimpy horse appears to walk without limping when the sound foot opposite the tender one is made equally sore. This can be accomplished by slitting the frog, a soft area on the bottom of a horse's hoof, and rubbing in grains of sand. Mustard dabbed on the frogs encourages a low-striding

trotter to lift its hooves high and handsome. Sometimes sound horses have been disabled by prospective buyers and their accomplices, often to persuade owners to sell cheaply. A surefire crippler—lasting only as long as desired—is to wrap a horsehair tightly around the animal's foreleg, close to a tendon. The irritation vanishes when the hair is removed.

Laming and disguising lameness are only one facet of the game. An Ohio owner recently sold a 2:10 pacer for the price of a 2:00 pacer, stinging the buyer by staging a half-mile workout in a minute flat. It figured mathematically, but after going a half mile the horse was so tired it would have taken two minutes to go another half. A trainer in Ireland often unloaded swaybacks by brushing their backs until a light blister developed, with the swelling the horse appeared to have classic conformation.

"Modern medicine can cover most defects," says G. R. Greenhoff, senior veterinarian at Hanover Shoe Farms, a standardbred showplace. Swollen joints are drained with syringes and steroids used to develop hulk and perk up dull appetites.

Yearlings may be sound because they have yet to pound the tracks, but the $1,000-hunch buy is rarely available today. At the Harrisburg sale last November, Hanover averaged $20,695 for the 166 yearlings it sold. Thoroughbred yearlings that passed through the wings at Saratoga and Lexington last summer were quite a bit costlier, averaging $90,705. Months before the sale, consignors like Hanover begin priming the horses to be sold. They are brought into barns for the first time since birth, fed grain to fatten them and corn oil to brighten their coats—and they are groomed twice daily. At night blankets cover them, smoothing down their growing manes. One trainer figures that by the time these yearlings are turned over to trainers at the track they must lose 100 to 150 pounds. "Horses look best beefed up and under good lights," says Hal Jones, the foreman at Hanover Farm. "It's natural for us to do our best to make them look good."

Seconds before entering the sales ring, the animal is buffed and its hooves are polished with water. The ring itself is slightly elevated and brightly lit. Grooms know how to jiggle their lead shanks to keep the horses looking alert. Small grooms lead small horses to make them seem normal sized.

The auctioneer sets a brisk tempo. Assistants scattered among the patrons hectically beckon for bids. If there is a lull in the bidding, the auctioneer may bark something like, "C'mon! Thirty thousand? Look at this colt! Sired by Albatross! Winner of 59 of 71 starts and more than a million dollars!"

Sires matter, but how much? That gets distorted in the heat of an auction. Albatross might have *flown* around tracks, but not all his get will. After all, in the Sullivan family there was only one John L. **END**



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BOOKTALK

by DR. ALVIN N. EDEN

PUTTING UP WITH PAIN IN A TREATISE TENNIS HYPOCHONDRIACS WILL ADORE

Many problems preoccupy an ever-expanding, masochistic, fanatical group of tennis buffs, none more important than staying healthy enough to keep playing. All sorts of tennis-related injuries are the order of the day, and everybody is fair game.

As the tennis-playing population multiplies, orthopedic surgeons get busier. A new specialty called "Sports-Medicine" has developed, due in large measure to tennis. "Tennis elbow" has become to the orthopedist what cataracts have always been to the ophthalmologist—big business. And so the potential readership of a timely little book grows day by day. *Playing Tennis When It Hurts* by K. Gordon Campbell, M.D. (Celestial Arts, $4.95) addresses itself entirely to the subject of the tennis injury—its diagnosis, treatment and prevention.

In his introduction Dr. Campbell writes, "With advancing age, there is an increased amount of 'stiffness' in our connective tissue and an accumulation of wear-and-tear changes in our joints." To yours truly, a 50-year-old pediatrician tennis player, this information, although medically true, is not such good news. I have been relatively injury-free up to now and always feel fine the day after a tough match. But there is an exception to every rule.

The first part of *Playing Tennis When It Hurts* deals with injuries that can affect every part of the body, starting from the neck and going all the way down to the feet, and even includes a section on the right type of sneaker to be worn. Dr. Campbell then goes on to outline in detail a series of warmup, stretching and muscle-strengthening exercises. Many photographs and illustrations are included, and these will help readers to follow the dry text.

Dr. Campbell's approach is medically sound. There is no question that anybody who takes the time and trouble to follow his advice will find it worthwhile—but how many of us will actually do so? My experience tells me that he will have very few disciples. There just isn't enough time for frantic, fanatic tennis players, especially those who have taken up the game as adults, to do stretching exercises and a slow, careful warmup. These are all well and good, but if you have only one hour of court time, forget it. The pleasure is in playing and winning, and the pain that goes with it is the price one pays. Let me tell you about what happened to me.

I have a regular weekly two-hour session of singles with two other physicians. The competition is cutthroat. We rotate opponents and faithfully keep a running score for the entire season. I was leading 5-3 against my obstetrician opponent and was feeling great. Moving up to the net to put away a short, weak return of service, I heard a loud bang and felt excruciating pain in my left calf. I dropped straight to the court. Lying there, I turned to see who had shot me. My two colleagues (the obstetrician and the internist waiting to play the winner) calmly walked over and looked at me as I lay writhing in pain. One of them told me that I had snapped my *plantaris* tendon and would not be able to play for four to six weeks. Since play was continuous I would have to forfeit the match—and would I now please drag myself off the court as fast as possible so that they could get in another set before time ran out? Can you imagine any of *us* taking up precious tennis time with a long-drawn-out warmup?

The hypochondriacal tennis player will have a field day with *Playing Tennis When It Hurts*. I am sending a copy to a friend of mine who is a perennial complainer. He will derive many hours of pleasure looking up his every ache and pain. He'll be better able to diagnose his injuries and he will also start using proper medical terminology. I don't mind his moaning because, besides being a hypochondriac, he owns his own court and this type of friend is hard to come by.

I am personally grateful to Dr. Campbell for writing this book. My wife has had a severe chronic low-back problem and has seen many orthopedists and rehabilitation physicians. The doctors who examined her were not tennis players themselves and so all they could tell her, without giving it a second thought, was to stop playing in order to prevent more trouble. We all know that no real tennis player will accept this kind of advice without a struggle. Dr. Campbell (who is a tennis-playing orthopedist) suggests that the low-back victim use an elastic bandage while playing. This simple remedy has helped my wife a great deal.

On balance, this is a useful book to have around, especially as a reference. If you play tennis long enough, chances are good that it will help you diagnose an injury. I would have been happier if Dr. Campbell had expanded his discussion to include what I consider much more important areas of advice to the tennis player, the importance of playing regularly, eliminating smoking and getting rid of excess weight. Perhaps a heart attack would not strictly be defined as a tennis injury, but it surely hurts and, more important, puts you out of tennis for many months and sometimes forever. The writing is straightforward, non-anecdotal and boring. But then how well-written or humorous does a book about pain and injury have to be?

END

Shopwalk

by JOE JARES

ANOTHER PUT-UP JOB, THE PORTABLE TENNIS COURTS GO WHEREVER YOU GO

Grass or clay, asphalt, cement, Sporteze, Laykold, Supreme-Court, Grasstex—for us hackers it doesn't much matter what tennis-court surface we use, whether we are playing on the immaculately manicured lawns of Wimbledon or on hard-packed sand in Khartoum—although it must be admitted that grass is absolutely the best for throwing down a racket in disgust. The bounce is most satisfying and any serious damage to the racket is minimal.

According to a 1974 survey by the A. C. Nielsen Company, more than 33 million people play tennis "from time to time." In the U.S., unhappily, "from time to time" often means whenever they can find an empty court. Most American players do their double-faulting in public parks, where lines can be longer than queues at Disney World.

Enter a gentleman named Morrie Hodes, a tennis hacker who is in the parking-lot business in Los Angeles. He figures that he has the answer for people who want to get out and hit a few balls and don't care if it's on Centre Court grass or Siberian salt as long as the bounce is reasonably true. Hodes has invented Port-A-Court, a carry-around tennis court that two people can put up in less than 30 minutes on a parking lot, a rooftop, a playground—anyplace that is hard, flat and big enough. The cost of the equipment: $1,500.

A Port-A-Court consists of two weatherproofed backdrop nets held up by eight galvanized-steel posts and a center net supported by either a free-standing aluminum device or more galvanized-steel posts. If holes have to be made for posts, the equipment includes safety caps to cover them. The court lines can be painted or taped in a contrasting color. Hodes says the equipment can be stored in an area of 40 cubic feet.

Hodes has installed three Port-A-Courts so far, one in the parking lot of a Los Angeles bank. Another is in the playground parking lot of a Catholic school, where the monsignor finds it "a good use of space" and wishes it were as easy to find putter-uppers and taker-downers as it is to find players. The third is in the parking lot of the Hyatt House Hotel in City of Commerce, adjacent to L.A., where the ambience includes whizzing cars close by on the Santa Ana Freeway. Still, the hotel manager says the court gets plenty of use by businessmen, and so far no tennis ball has been stained too badly by oil dripped from cars. Port-A-Court's address: P.O. Box 35161, Los Angeles, Calif. 90035.

END

SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

THE GAMES

Despite a staggering assortment of hurdles and handicaps, the Montreal Olympics went off as scheduled; despite the absence of athletes from 25 nations, it was a spellbinding feast of extraordinary sporting performances.

Many of the problems exposed in Montreal remain to be overcome before 1980's Games in Moscow. We have—all of us—four long years to solve those problems. If we do not waste time in recriminations, there is no reason to fret that they cannot be solved. Let's get to work on them.

THE MAIN SQUEEZE

Bruce Jenner and Sugar Ray Leonard have yet to be counted, but O. J. Simpson is the current No. 1 national hero, if we are to believe the kids. And that generally is quite good procedure in things of this nature.

For its August issue, *Ladies' Home Journal* surveyed several hundred students in grades five through 12, presenting the youngsters with a checklist of people in all walks, talks and runs of life. Simpson was rated tops in hero qualities by both the boys and girls. He was way ahead of porno star Linda Lovelace, which may be construed as encouraging by sociologists concerned with trends. Or as proof that the kids' fathers didn't vote. Other sports figures in the first 10 were Chris Evert, sixth; Billie Jean King, eighth; Joe Namath, 10th. Ali was 15th and Abdul-Jabbar 32nd.

Demonstrating how big a star O.J. is, he has appeared in an advertisement that starts off, "If I played baseball I'd wear Spot-bilt spikes." Then, to build our confidence, he says, "And I almost did choose baseball over football." Since athletes have been known to endorse products they didn't privately swear by at all, this candor is perhaps refreshing.

But why would we go out and buy baseball shoes recommended by a football player? Hero worship, of course, a condition that often causes our hearts to overrule our heads. But not all heads, apparently. Sadly, one of the 12-year-olds surveyed by the *Journal* asked, "Who can have heroes? They're just like us."

PUNTERS AND PIGEONS

Promoters extolling the alleged wonders of the new 588-acre Meadowlands Sports Complex in East Rutherford, N.J.—which, among a variety of uses, will be the home of the New York Giants and site of frequent horse racing (starting Sept. 1 it becomes the metropolitan area's third harness-racing operation)—keep trying to convince dubious New Yorkers how close it really is to the Big Apple.

To this end, Sonny Werblin and Jack Krumpe, the wheels under the project, will release about 10 pigeons on Aug. 17 from the top of the Empire State Building for a flight to Meadowlands. In a test the other day, the fastest pigeon made it in five minutes, 40 seconds.

For humans who might have qualms about jumping off the Empire State Building, trying to flap their way across the Hudson and letting down in the erstwhile Jersey swamp, the six-mile drive from midtown Manhattan will take about 20 minutes. In traffic? That's when you'll wish you were a pigeon.

LUNCH WITH WOODY

What was billed as the Big Ten's annual Kickoff Luncheon in Chicago last week turned out to be Woody Hayes' annual Blast-off Tirade. It was far more entertaining than listening to coaches ramble on about who would start at left tackle.

Hear Hayes as he got going: ". . . and let me say in front of every coach sitting here, if I catch any of you cheating, I'll turn you in. Did I turn in the team [Michigan State] that cheated in our league? I turned them in. Damned right I did! And I'll do it again if necessary. Because this is about all we've got left in this country—the integrity of our sport."

His reference was to the three-year probation handed Michigan State for recruiting violations, an episode that brought down the coach and athletic director. NCAA officials say they could not recall another time when a school had publicly admitted that it snitched on another. Through all this, Michigan State's new coach, Darryl Rogers, sat as composedly as he could. He later commented, "I've never been to Columbus and I've just met Woody Hayes and I don't think I'm going to like either one."

Hayes went off to a press conference at which the sports editor of the Michigan State student newspaper, Ed Ronders, notified Woody that the paper was going to publish a story this week on alleged football illegalities at Ohio State. Hayes exploded and chased Ronders across the room; Ronders, faster in the sprint, eluded him.

Bob Page of Detroit radio station WJR then stopped by to ask Hayes his gut reaction to Rogers' comments. Woody proceeded, Page says, to smack the radioman atop the forehead with the fat of his hand. At which time reporters started saying they thought they had better amble on back to their offices and thanks-very-much-Woody.

Ohio State opens its season Sept. 11 in Columbus—against Michigan State.

TIRE TROUBLE

Although some new passenger cars are being sold without spare tires because of the more than three-month-old strike at the major tire companies, auto racing is just beginning to be affected. During Prohibition the big drinkers had plenty of booze, too.

But now the strike is starting to tread on racing, especially stock-car racing, in which a 500-mile event uses up to 500 handmade tires. It is making for an unfair situation, because the guys who have access to plenty of tires are the guys who are going to win.

Drivers short on tires almost certainly will start stretching them out for precious extra laps, not just on the superspeedways but on the hundreds of short tracks when the crunch is really being felt. That spells trouble.

SAMARITAN AT SEA?

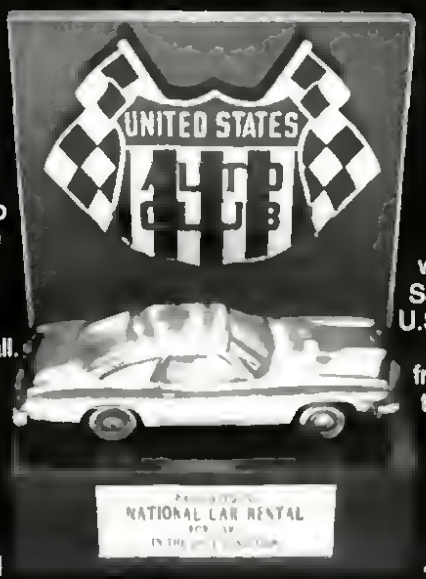
As the little old lady said after being helped across the street, "It was fine, except I didn't want to go across the street." That is sort of what happened the other day to a sailor from Annapolis, John H. Kelbaugh.

Seems he and a buddy were enjoying

continued

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the briny on Kelbaugh's 28-foot Triton sloop some 300 miles northwest of Bermuda when they spotted a Dominican Republic minesweeper. Because sailors always are checking out where they are, just as baseball players always are knocking imaginary dirt from their cleats, Kelbaugh signaled the ship.

But the Spanish-speaking crew mistook the routine query for a message of distress and hastened toward the sloop. Kelbaugh tried to indicate that there was no trouble, repeat no trouble, repeat . . . at which time the minesweeper got a bit too close in its daring rescue attempt, bashing the sloop and causing the forestay to snap.

Kelbaugh, now frantically trying to make it clear there was no trouble, repeat no trouble, was horror-stricken to see the minesweeper back off, then return for another attempt. But again it smacked the boat, damaging it so much that the mast had to be cut free.

Now there was trouble. And the Dominicans knew it. So they took the sloop



in tow, allowed Kelbaugh and his friend aboard their ship and started toward land. The towline broke.

At which time the Dominican crew said something in Spanish approximating, "Oh, the heck with it." Then they refused to go back for the sailboat since they had places to go and people to meet and couldn't afford to dally any longer. Kelbaugh last saw his $16,000 boat drifting, drifting over the horizon.

Now Kelbaugh wants money and he has contacted his Congresswoman, Marjorie Holt. Rep. Holt is asking the State Department and the Attorney General for help; Kelbaugh refuses to discuss the incident (details were provided by Marjorie Crain, Holt's executive assistant). Of course, there's a simple moral for sailors everywhere: don't ever, ever mess with warships.

PTUI

For those of us who have trouble saying no gracefully, we can go to school at the knee of Muhammad Ali.

Seems that George Lord of Eau Claire, Mich. was in charge of a cherry-pit spitting contest and he wanted Ali to enter. Sorry, said an Ali aide, but while the champ would like to be in the spit-off, it would be against his religion. An "unclean activity," the aide explained.

A MATTER OF TASTE

In lovableness, the piranha ranks on a par with a cornered porcupine and a stick in the eye. Piranhas have absolutely no redeeming social characteristics: they ravage other fish, eat people and even cannibalize one another.

Small wonder, then, that the Florida fish and game folks were exercised when they discovered that 150 red-bellied piranhas had been imported into the state, by law they are prohibited.

By last weekend nearly all the two-inch fish had been recovered, including many of those which had been sent on to other states. Lieut. Colonel Brantley Goodson, chief of law enforcement for Florida's Game and Fresh Water Commission, says his people are getting close to identifying the outlaw importer, and the operator of one fishery that sold the piranhas already has been charged.

Ironically, the motivation for selling piranhas is not big profit. Rather, Goodson explains, what happens is that fish suppliers, mostly South American, find they cannot supply enough of the harmless red pacu, which the piranha resembles. So they fill out orders with piranhas, which sell for about $2 apiece.

Goodson says that about 30 million ornamental fish pass into his state each year through Miami and Tampa; another 60 million are produced in Florida. Monitoring, therefore, is difficult. And there are those anxious to skirt the law because they consider the piranha a novelty pet item, like, say, the electric catfish or a tiger cub. A piranha in an aquarium obviously causes great excitement.

Steve Robertson of Columbia, Mo. was shipped a dozen of the piranhas, and he says that if you couldn't tell what they were, there were clues: "When they chewed each other up, we were pretty sure they weren't vegetarians."

THE ART OF LOSING

Sports information directors at colleges and universities are paid to attract media attention to their school's athletic teams, which in turn will encourage ticket sales. For winners, easy. For losers? Meet innovative Kevin DeMarrais, Columbia's SID.

Columbia has been strong over the years—in fencing, recently in baseball. But in the two sports that count when it comes to revenue, football and basketball, Columbia spells calamity. In DeMarrais' nine football seasons the Lions have been losers for eight; of the last five basketball seasons, losers all.

So DeMarrais has these hints to help other losing SIDs survive: 1) Play as many games as possible on the road. 2) An interesting angle can obscure the facts. "If you have a 5′ 6″ left-handed Chinese quarterback, nobody cares if he can throw or not," DeMarrais observes.

He says it used to be O.K. when Columbia lost a lot because New York had plenty of winners; nobody noticed his school. But recently, he points out, "the Giants, Jets and Knicks have failed as miserably as we have."

This year things are looking up at Columbia. Honest. Basketball will be a sure winner, DeMarrais predicts; football, maybe. So he is seeing the light at the end of the tunnel? "Right," says DeMarrais. "Hopefully it won't be the headlights of an oncoming truck."

THEY SAID IT

- Fred Casotti, Colorado's assistant athletic director, asked if the football team joined in a pregame prayer: "No, we've got so many things to pray for we'd get penalized 15 yards for delaying the start of the game."
- Jimmy Connors, on the difference between Ilie Nastase and Arthur Ashe as a doubles partner: "Nastase calls me an s.o.b. every time I miss a shot. Arthur says, 'Come on, Jimmy.' I don't know if I can adjust."
- Richard Kneip, South Dakota governor, on receiving a racing helmet signed by Indy winner Johnny Rutherford: "Many of my constituents already believe I do little but lead the state around in large circles at dangerous speeds." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 9, 1976

GETTING IT ALL



TOGETHER

In resounding reply to critics of the Olympics, the world's track athletes spoke as one in the only way open to them—by performing brilliantly, celebrating jubilantly **by Kenny Moore**

The U.S. 4 x 400 relay team—Fred Newhouse, Benny Brown, Herm Frazier and Maxie Parks—rejoices after victory



CONTINUED

At almost the exact instant the starter's gun for the Olympic marathon sounded, a fine rain began to descend. Frank Shorter, the defending champion, eased along in the pack, thinking he was in deep trouble. "I don't run well in the rain," he would say later. "I stiffen. I develop dozens of little knots."

The marathon, in effect, bracketed the final day's track and field events, beginning with a colorful horde circling the track to cheers before taking to the streets of Montreal, and finishing after the flash of the relays and high tension of the 1,500, in an irregular procession of stone-legged, haggard men. It was easy to find in these vacant, exhausted faces a symbol of how the Olympics themselves had been weakened, not by hills and wind and effort, but by the gnawing forces of politics. In the beginning, there had been notes of mourning. The IOC's ability to guarantee all its members free entry into the Games was destroyed by Canada's policy toward Taiwan, and the hopes of the African athletes were dashed by their countries' boycott of the Games. Now the Olympics were ending, teetering once more as the Soviet Union threatened to remove its team and sever all sporting contact with Canada in reaction to the defection of 17-year-old diver Sergi Nemtsanov.

Through this storm of fearful precedent the Games ran, knotted with questions about the future of international sport. The Montreal *Star*, in an editorial that hit the streets shortly before Shorter did, asserted the Olympics have become a "grotesque convention" of officials, diplomats and on-the-make journalists. "Let Olympism go the way of all perverted and moribund ideas," it said. "We killed most of what's good about it."

Throughout the final week of track and field, the athletes, in resounding rebuttal, spoke in the only way open to them, with world record after world record—nine in all. They established that no matter how the structure of the Games must be changed to make them again untrammeled sport, the instruments of that sport are more finely tuned than ever. They showed, too, that old dominances are gone forever, and that new ones—with the exception of the juggernaut East German women's team, which won nine of the 14 events—will be some time in arriving. Fifteen different countries had at least one gold-medal winner.

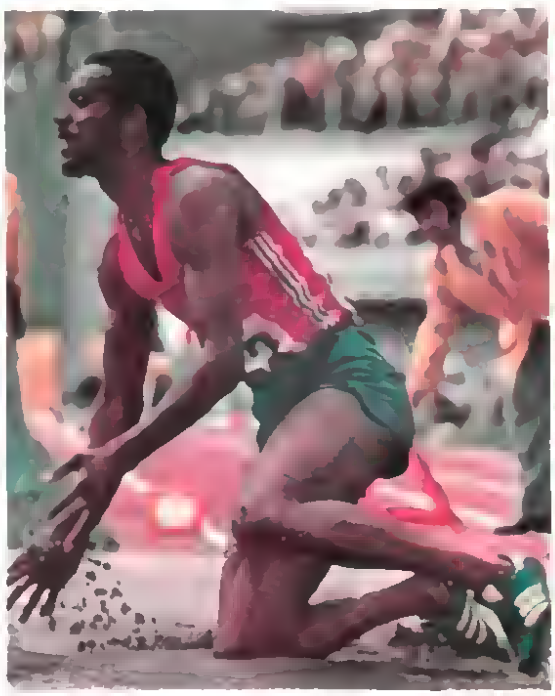
Despite the signal failures of world-record holders Dave Roberts in the pole vault and Dwight Stones in the high jump—they both took bronze medals in a downpour—the U.S. men won more medals in each category than any other nation, six gold, six silver and seven bronze, the same number they accumulated in Munich. No other country won more than two golds in the men's events, the U.S.S.R.'s total of 10 medals—three of them in the hammer—placing it second in the national sweepstakes.

It was Roberts' misfortune that, alone of the vaulters, he was obliged to make his final three attempts when the rain was heaviest, but it fell impartially on the last three competitors in the high jump.

Cuba's Juantorena beat Newhouse to clinch unprecedented 800-400 double. Finland's Viren became the first to win the five and 10 in successive games









Robinson of the U S popped one 27' 4¾" for the long jump gold medal New Zealand's Walker held off Belgium's Van Damme (103) to triumph in 1 500

Nonetheless, Stones was evidently most affected because of his unique approach and jumping style. Despite helping the officials squeegee the puddles off the approach area, Stones was, as he said later, "slipping and sliding and hydroplaning," and he all but gave up on his last two jumps, grabbing the crossbar with his right hand as he smashed into it on his final try. "I was afraid I might break something like my knee," he said. "I decided it just wasn't worth it."

Jacek Wszola, a 19-year-old Pole, won the event at 7' 4½" to join his compatriot, Tadeusz Slusarski, who took the vault at 18' ½", as champions of the vertical jumps.

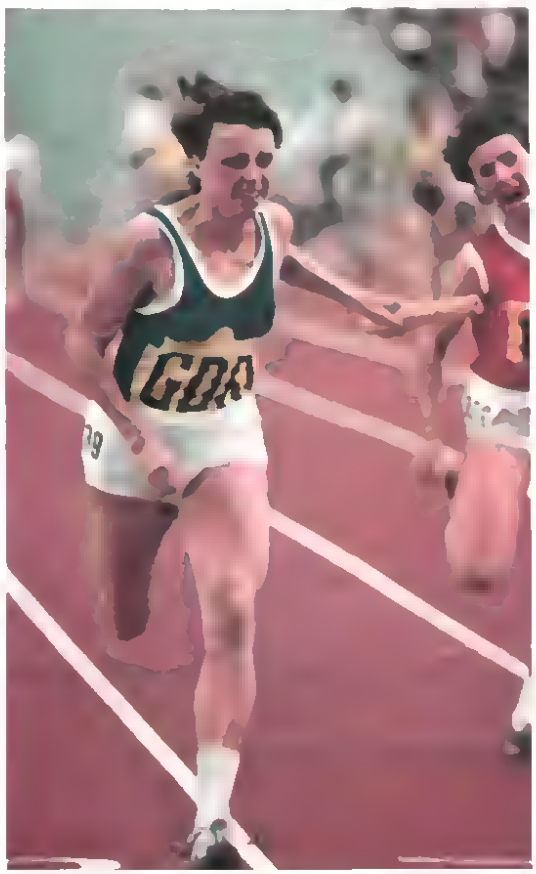
In the sprints, Donald Quarrie of 22 Donald Quarrie Street, Kingston, Jamaica, won the 200 meters in 20.23, completing the Caribbean sweep begun by Trinidad's Hasely Crawford in the 100. Quarrie had been second in the 100, as he concentrated on beating Valery Borzov in an adjoining lane and missed Crawford across the track. In the 200 Quarrie ran to a yard lead through the turn and withstood the charges of two young, superbly poised Americans, Millard Hampton and Dwayne Evans, who won the silver and bronze medals in 20.29 and 20.43. "No question Quarrie was the man to beat," said Hampton, out of San Jose City College and bound for UCLA. "All during the straight I tried to take him, but I knew to have a chance I had to beat him off the turn."

The whole world, and especially Baton Rouge's Fred Newhouse, would like to know how to beat Cuba's Alberto Juantorena anywhere. As did Rick Wohlhuter in the 800, Newhouse ran what seemed the perfect race against the phenomenal Cuban bull. Off fast, he presented Juantorena with the choice of running his usual slow-starting race or giving immediate chase. Juantorena let him go, and Newhouse led at 200 and on into the stretch, running lightly, in control. Juantorena came off the last turn fourth, but exploding. Showing far more strain than in his 800 romp, he went by Newhouse with 40 meters to go and won in 44.26 to Newhouse's 44.40. Businesslike Herm Frazier of the U.S. was third, in 44.95. Juantorena thus became the first man ever to pull off an Olympic 400-800 double. After dedicating his gold medal to the Cuban revolution, he said, "The race was hard and I am happy to have won. The last 50 meters was a question of fatigue. I didn't feel fatigued."

Newhouse blamed himself for that. "I should have put a little more on him early," he said. "Should have taken more of a chance." There was some consolation in the fast time. "I definitely feel this race was better than Lee Evans' 43.86 world record in Mexico City in 1968. If we had run like this at altitude, with less air resistance, it could have been somewhere around 43.0. Of course, since we only take two or three breaths in a quarter mile like this, there'd be hell to pay on the recovery."

An incisive, logical man, as befits his position as an electrical engineer, Newhouse offered some thoughts on how the U.S. black athletes responded to the African boycott. "Those countries are doing

continued



Baerbel Eckert anchored 4 x 100 relay team to eighth of East Germany's nine gold medals

a trial and error thing," he said, "figuring just what they can use for leverage in the world. I can understand that, but if you were going to boycott, why not do *France*, which just sold nuclear weapons to South Africa? No, they are not going to upset economic things. Only in sport do they figure they haven't got that much to lose. I didn't meet an African runner who wasn't saddened." Newhouse considered the case of James Gilkes, the sprinter from Guyana who petitioned the IOC to permit him to stay on as an individual competitor after his team departed. The IOC said no way. "That was the true test of the International Olympic Committee's spirit of free competition," Newhouse said. "It failed."

The victims of that failure were the athletes—all of them—although the suffering of the Africans was more apparent. "We had four hours' notice to pack and leave," said Ethiopian miler Hailu Ebba. "I was so confused, I couldn't believe it was happening. When I understood that it was, it was like a cold thing running through my body, a pain and an anger."

Ethiopia's runners will be paying for the boycott for years. "We depend on Olympic results to get invitations to race overseas," said Ebba. "We are at altitude, with no facilities. Only in the Olympics can we show how we can run." Now such names as Mohammed Kedir, Eshetu Tura and Gebrie Gurmu will remain strange to the world. Gurmu is a marathoner, Tura a steeplechaser. Both could have won medals. And Kedir? At 7:30 one morning before the Games opened, he ran a time trial over 10,000 meters. His 27:40 was virtually identical to Lasse Viren's winning time in that event. Ebba himself felt ready for a 3:52 mile. "I am not going to any more Olympics," he said. "I will try for medical school." During the early days of the meet Ebba sat with another tourist, Mike Boit of Kenya, a co-favorite in the 800 before the boycott and a quiet, intelligent man, given to self-effacement and long, delicately turned stories. Bluntly, still smoldering, he said, "I want to break the world record now. I know I can."

The absence of Tanzania's Filbert Bayi and Boit from the 1,500 turned what once

continued

HEADING FOR THE 11TH EVENT



The decathlon vault lasted five hours, and when it was over the success of Jenner's life was assured

The Greeks suspended wars when they held their Olympics, but they resumed them soon enough, and in a sense the world carries on that tradition today. Very quickly does it get back to meaner concerns. Only a few Olympians thrive past the fortnight, lifted by the Games onto a more lasting stage. Jesse Owens, whom Hitler transformed into a symbol for life. Johnny Weissmuller. Sonja Henie. Buster Crabbe, all tapped by Hollywood: Bob Mathias, playing himself as a folk hero on the screen, in Congress and as a TV pitchman.

Curiously, in recent Games, with substantially greater publicity, not a single Olympic star has been able to grab the five rings and hoist himself up beyond Mark Spitz tried but succeeded only as a poster. The rest, even the most magnificent Olympians, are no more than 17-year locusts, brought to our attention again every few summers.

If there is anyone who will change this pattern it is Bruce Jenner of San Jose, Calif., who introduced himself to most of the world last Thursday and Friday with a world-record performance in the decathlon and in charm. Jenner was unlike any other athlete in Montreal, for as splendid as his achievement was, it was impossible for anyone (most of all him) to comprehend exactly what it could do for his future. "I do know that if I win and I handle myself well," he said, "I

can work off it for years and years." He was being realistic, not cocky.

Boyishly good-looking—a handsome Pete Rose—with tender brown eyes, a glorious smile (what a year this is for teeth in America!), beautifully built, good-humored, well-spoken, Jenner could have been Bicentennial government issue. He came equipped with a pretty blonde wife in a tight-fitting T shirt who cried tears of happiness and told lyric tales of her husband in California Gothic ("Sometimes I would see him with a faraway look in his eyes and then he would give a little groan, and I would say, 'Honey, what is it?' and he would say, 'I'm just thinking of the last lap in the 1,500 at Montreal' "). In a five-minute span shortly after he won the gold medal, Jenner himself said exactly all the right things about the Olympics, his opposition, his country and his wife and family.

If there is anything he might worry about, it would be that people would consider him too perfect, perhaps contrived. But in fact, he is only a very careful and commanding person, completely in control of himself. There is nothing artificial in being organized. As inquiries and offers began to pile up, as promoters anticipated his success, he quietly went out and lined up some management help. Wisely, he did not want this revealed so long as he was competing.

"I'm scared to say anything now," he admitted a few days before his event. "Everybody is ready to be reminded of Spitz. If I mention one thing about what I'm considering, everybody'll say, 'Hey, the kid's just in it for the money.' People tell me I should be an actor—but that is what *they* say. I don't know. I've worked a long time to build up credibility, and I don't want to rush out and blow it all getting caught in a few wrong situations. I'm not going to make a fool of myself trading jokes with Bob Hope. I'm going to stay myself. And I know if I win, they can't ever take that away from me."

In the way that he approaches the next step now, so did Jenner approach the decathlon. He was competing against some very stiff rivals—Nikolay Avilov of the Soviet Union, the 1972 gold medalist and Olympic-record holder (8,454 points), and 23-year-old Guido Kratschmer of West Germany—and Jenner did not take the lead from them until the eighth event. But in any case it is much more fascinating to study how Jenner competed with himself than against the opposition. Several days before the 29th and 30th, he listed what he felt he should achieve in each category. Here are his intentions and, in parentheses, his actual performances:

100 meters 10.9 (10.94), long jump 23' 8" (23' 8¼"), shotput 47' 6" (50' 4¼"), high jump 6' 8" (6' 8"), 400 meters 47.9 (47.51), 110-meter hurdles 14.4 (14.84), discus 170' (164' 2"), pole vault 15' 9" (15' 9"), javelin 225' (224' 9½"), 1,500 meters 4:14 (4:12.61).

He hit five of 10 events on the button or virtually so, set personal records in the long jump, shot, high jump, 400, and 1,500, equaled career bests in the 100 and the vault, ran the two longer races slightly better than he thought he would and the hurdles slightly worse—he ran seared there after he saw his friend and fellow U.S. decathlete Fred Dixon get injured in an earlier flight—and while he was marginally off in the shotput and discus, he was up in one, down in the other. So the miscalculations just about canceled themselves out. He was gunning for 8,600 points. He hit 8,618. Jenner has an almost mystical ability to divine his own limits—and those who have been with him at meets say that by studying his opponents as the events go by, he can perceive their exact capabilities that day. Montreal, he felt, was his "destiny."

Because the decathlon is an event that builds in tension, and because Jenner was going for the record (and fame and fortune), the two days were packed with dramas large and small. But there was only one probable crisis point, in the pole vault. That single event was to drag on for more than five hours, and because Jenner is proficient in it, he passed all but one height, 14' 1¼", in the early going. As grueling as the decathlon is, it requires only spurts of energy. There is so much waiting—some competitors brought along air mattresses to rest on—and so much time for thinking, that temperament is often crucial.

The decathlon days of Montreal were cool and gray, and by the time Jenner chose to vault again, at 15' 1¼", he had lain about for hours, rested but rusty. While the height was well within his reach, he missed on his first attempt. He looked tentative. Could he have cooled out? He did make it on his second attempt, but failed twice at 15' 5". Kratschmer, vaulting better than ever in his life, was right with Jenner. The American paced, shook his head, fretted, and then, at almost the instant he prepared to go, a fanfare blared from the public-address system, announcing a medal ceremony. Jenner had to stop, put his warmups on. At last, several minutes later, he could go again. "Can I make this?" he thought. He started to run. "You always make these things," he told himself. And of course he did. Then Kratschmer missed on his third attempt. The gold and the record and the success of Bruce Jenner's life were assured.

He finished two hours later, sprinting the last 300 yards of the 1,500, flying before a tumultuous crowd that roared and waved Old Glories. Many of the other decathletes dropped to the ground, gasping, heaving. Jenner began a jaunty victory lap. At the end he saw his wife Chrystie in the stands. She was struggling to reach him, but the police would not allow it. "My God, it's my wife!" Jenner cried at them, and somehow she got to him and fell into his arms. "It's over now, it's over," he whispered. She hung there and would not let go. The last time she had been alone with him was the day before the competition, when they drove up to Ste. Adèle, a ski area. They stood on a dock, looking out over a lake, and suddenly she realized that he was unconsciously pantomiming the throwing of a discus.

Chrystie is a minister's daughter. She met Jenner at Graceland, a small church college in Lamoni, Iowa, which he went to from Newtown, Conn. on a football scholarship. He was also a water-ski champ then, but he took up the decathlon at Graceland, married Chrystie and moved to San Jose, where they live with a hurdle in the middle of the living room. She left school and became a stewardess to support him so that he—they—could go for the gold at Montreal and for all that it could mean.

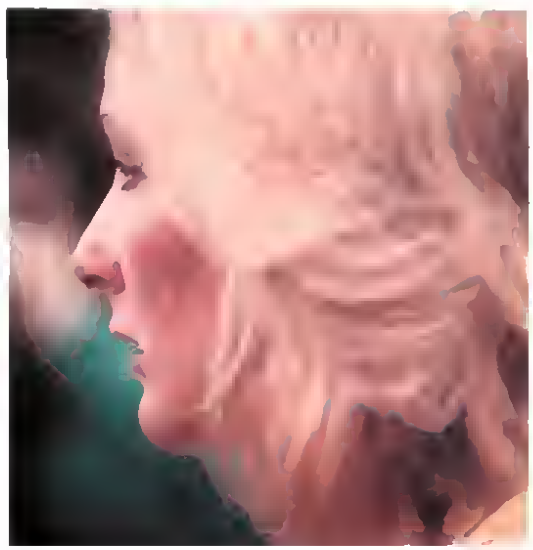
It was not easy. Chrystie started seeing a psychiatrist. "I was living through Bruce's accomplishments," she says. "They're very exciting. Everybody would want to be in his position, but to live through someone else is very frustrating. The psychiatrist helped me to become my own person, to like myself." Now Jenner can support her—as a sportscaster, a company's spokesman, an endorser, a salesman of some kind, an actor: there is revived talk of Tarzan and Superman movies—and she will finish college.

Chrystie watched him on the victory stand, rising above Kratschmer, who finished second with 8,411, and Avilov, third with 8,369. She was crying again. Her husband was smiling. He took his gold medal and kissed it. Seeing him do that, the immediate recollection was of Barbra Streisand when she won her Oscar. "Hello, gorgeous," Streisand said, and she kissed it. Jenner brought it off better. But then, he does things better. That is what the decathlon is, doing things better.

"Our whole society is based on specialists," Jenner says. "The decathlon goes against that. A decathlon is a presentation of moderation."

And if he wants, if he wills it, in the 11th event of his decathlon, he and Chrystie will live happily ever after. —FRANK DEFORD

For Bruce a record, for Chrystie tears of joy







appeared to be the feature race of the Games into a 300-meter dash after a 1,200-meter warmup. John Walker of New Zealand won, as he was supposed to, but in 3:39.17, a tenth of a second ahead of a fast-closing Ivo Van Damme of Belgium and 2.3 seconds slower than his time in the first qualifying round. A weary Rick Wohlhuter was sixth in 3:40.64.

"I had three plans to choose from," said Walker afterward. "To go to the front and make it hard and fast all the way, to go with 500 left or to sit and kick as I did." It seemed as if Walker chose the latter almost in defiance of the field, matching his finish against some very fast men. "I decided to take a gamble and wait and hope. I was running against virtually all half-mile kickers. Everybody had a chance today."

The early pace was a feeble 62.48 for 400 meters, with Walker buried in the pack. Eamonn Coghlan of Ireland and Villanova led at 800 in 2:03.15, and with a lap to go Walker was poised at his shoulder. Past 1,200 in 3:01.23, Walker leaped ahead with Van Damme giving furious pursuit all the way. Coghlan had a chance to place until the last yards, but appeared to misjudge the finish, leaning too soon, and lost the bronze to Paul-Heinz Wellmann of West Germany.

Walker was unapologetic for the slow time. "Time simply is not important," he said. "Winning the gold medal is, because even the world record is here today, gone tomorrow." For some time it seemed as if Walker would be in the doping test until tomorrow. Finally he emerged with a specimen which the New Zealand press duly photographed. "That was harder than the running," he said. "Took me five beers."

Strangely, the women's 1,500 was also a less than satisfying tactical race. Jan Merrill had ripped 4.6 seconds from the American record with a 4:02.61 in her semifinal, but in the final she was eighth, prey to a flock of half-milers. The race was won in 4:05.48 by the U.S.S.R.'s Tatyana Kazankina, the world-record holder, who ran hard only in the last 80 me-

Saturday's downpour was a downer for two U.S. stars: silver medalist Shorter sad handing East Germany's victorious Cierpinski after marathon. Stones bombing at 7' 3¼" for high jump bronze.

iers, shooting ahead of the field at will, just as she had done in the 800. In the shorter race, led by Svetlana Strykina of the Soviet Union and Anita Weiss of East Germany, the runners revolutionized the women's 800 with a 55-second first lap. Kazankina was unaffected and won in 1:54.94, a world record by more than a second. She looked as if she could have sprinted another 200 yards.

Splendid world records were set in the javelin and steeplechase by popular men from small countries. Miklos Nemeth of Hungary, son of the 1948 Olympic hammer-throw champion, lofted the javelin 310′ 4″ on his first attempt; the steeple was one of those races that will haunt Olympic memories, both for the last-lap drive of Sweden's Anders Garderud, which carried him to a record 8:08.02, and for a lingering wonder over what might have been. With a lap remaining, three men had a chance to win, as Poland's Bronislaw Malinowski led East Germany's Frank Baumgartl and Garderud Garderud, a 3:54.5 miler, blew ahead on the backstretch but couldn't break away. On the last water jump Baumgartl lost a step, then made it up with a rush that looked strong enough to carry him to the gold medal, 70 meters away. One hurdle remained. Garderud and Baumgartl chopped their stride approaching it. Garderud cleared, but Baumgartl caught the 200-pound barrier with his trailing leg and pitched onto the track, becoming one more hurdle for Malinowski, who soared over him and ran on to the silver. Baumgartl scrambled up and saved third. A tender 21, he must be the early favorite for Moscow. The lone American in the final, Henry Marsh of BYU, ran 8:23.99, a time that would have been second to Kip Keino in Munich. In Montreal it got Marsh 10th.

In the long jump, the event of Jesse Owens, Ralph Boston and Bob Beamon, American strength held up, and Arnie Robinson of San Diego won easily. A 9.5 sprinter and 6′ 10″ high jumper, Robinson put speed and lift together on his first jump to get out 27′ 4¾″ and, indeed, had four of the best five jumps of the day. Randy Williams, the Munich champion, captured the silver medal (26′ 7¼″), and the U.S. might have had a sweep but for one of Larry Myricks' warmup jumps. "I heard a snap, like a shoestring breaking, when he took that little pop-up," said Williams. When Myricks came down, it was upon a broken ankle. (In the other horizontal jump, the triple, James Butts of Los Angeles got the silver medal, Victor Saneyev of the U.S.S.R. winning for the third straight Olympics with a leap of 56′ 8¾″.)

"I had two things I really wanted this year," said Robinson, who had been favored in Munich, but placed third. "The gold and 28 feet. I can cross the one off, the gold, but it's not as if I'd beaten the whole world. The Africans—Josh Owusu of Ghana, Charlton Ehizuelen of Nigeria—are fine jumpers. It's sad. You don't know what might have happened. One of them might have gone 27′ 7″, forcing me to go 28. I'm happy to win, but it's a quiet kind of satisfaction."

All of France rejoiced when Guy Drut, "running like a tiger," as he put it, clawed his way to victory in the 110-meter hurdles, inches ahead of Cuba's Alejandro Casanas, 13.30 to 13.33. Third, in 13.38, was 33-year-old Willie Davenport, the 1968 champion who had finished fourth in Munich. Pressed by newsmen, Davenport said, "Yes, dammit, I tried as hard as I could to keep the U.S. string from going down [the last non-American winner was Syd Atkinson of South Africa in 1928], but I am not disappointed. I'm happier than an s.o.b. just to *be* here, gentlemen, because I am *old*." Charles Foster of the U.S., who was co-favored with Drut, hit the first two hurdles and could not quite catch up.

A woman of Davenport's age-group was the meet's most elegant winner. Irena Szewinska of Poland, the 30-year-old economist and mother, owner of six medals from 1964 on, arrived at the homestretch of the 400 with two yards on the field and flew away to win by 12 in a world record 49.29, running so smoothly she was going faster after crossing the finish line than her competition was running to reach it. Rosalyn Bryant of Chicago set an American record (50.62), the fourth time it was improved in two days, Sheila Ingram and Debra Sapenter holding it about as long as it took to call home. Bryant was the best of the three Americans in the final, finishing fifth. Two days later she burned a 49.7 relay anchor leg to get the U.S. a silver medal behind the East German world record of 3:19.23.

The men's relays were relatively easy wins for the U.S., although the semifinal of the 4 x 100 relay was nearly a disaster on the scale of the Munich no-shows for the 100. Harvey Glance and Millard Hampton arrived in plenty of time, but they had left their spikes out on the practice track. From his bag Steve Riddick produced some spares, and the team was able to run—Hampton, who has size 9 feet, swimming through the second turn in Riddick's size 11 shoes. In the final the American sprinters gained ground on the last two legs, where they passed well and won in a fine 38.33. The United States 4 x 400 team of Frazier (45.2), Benny Brown (44.7), Newhouse (43.9) and Maxie Parks (45.0) beat Poland by 20 meters for the gold medal in 2:58.65.

In the 10,000 it was startling to see the finalists prancing on the starting line, their multicolored shoes reminding one of exotic jungle fowl, and to see no African runners. Had there been a Miruts Yifter or Mohamed Gammoudi in the field, the early pace would have been *far* faster than the conservative 14:09 for 5,000 set by Mark Smet of Belgium and a few others, as the pack shifted constantly. Just before halfway Carlos Lopes of Portugal, Europe's latest distance find, eased into the lead and ever so gradually began applying real pressure.

First he ran 67-second laps, then 66s, then 65s. With two miles to go, the race was coming apart at the seams. England's Brendan Foster and Finland's Viren hung with Lopes. Foster, who had had to fight his way back onto the track past security after a quick trip to the lavatory moments before the race, seemed to be laboring. Viren, as always, was cool, unreadable, his stride unchanging, even as the pace increased. With a mile to go it was just Lopes and Viren, which meant it was Viren with all the cards, as the brave Lopes has little kick. Viren bolted past with a bit more than a lap to run, quickly gained five seconds, then looked back 13 times in the last 400 meters and finished in 27:40.38. Ten yards beyond the line he sank down, not in a swoon, but to untie his shoes—Japanese-made Tigers—and now he started on a barefoot victory lap, his shoes held high, countrymen carrying Finnish flags accompanying him. Because Viren, among other occupations, is the Tiger distributor for Finland, this cool behavior ought to have indicated his run was far less than all-out.

Nevertheless, when it came time for the 5,000 on Friday, the smart money was on Kiwis Rod Dixon and Theodonus Jacobus Leonardus (Dick) Quax, the fastest milers in the field. The race was a study in chances missed. Foster, who had set an Olympic record of 13:20.34 in his

continued

heat, led early and quickly. At six laps Viren surged into the lead and slowed abruptly, jamming the pack on his heels. No one passed him and for two laps he rested. Finally Foster, whose most effective tactic is a hard, race-breaking burst in the midst of a fast race, tore around Viren, but the pack had its wind back, and Foster couldn't break free. Klaus-Peter Hildenbrand took over, then, with two laps to go, Viren went to the front, with Dixon and Quax staying close.

For 800 meters Viren accelerated, having blunted Foster with a slow pace, now trying to kill the New Zealanders' kicks with a sustained drive. Off the last turn Viren, Hildenbrand and Quax were nearly abreast, with Dixon a yard back. Dixon has run 3:33.9 for 1,500 meters, Quax 3:36.7. Viren's best is a comparatively slow 3:41, yet incredibly, as he had done in Munich, he drew away from his pursuers in the stretch, winning in 13:24.76. Quax held second and Hildenbrand dived desperately across the line with perfect timing to take the bronze.

Like Juantorena, Viren had done something never achieved before, the five and 10 double in successive Olympics. In the interview room he was rather insufferably coy. When pressed to confirm or deny his use of "blood doping," or transfusions of his own blood to boost his cardiovascular efficiency before major races, he simply asked, wide-eyed, if such a thing were really possible. He is a man of seemingly endless mysteries—not the least of which is how he managed to spend nearly a year at BYU in 1970 without learning a single word of English. He said yes, he would attempt the marathon, and since he needed his rest for that, slipped quickly away.

And so Viren began the marathon, attempting what only Emil Zatopek had ever done, the Olympic distance triple. After a mile and a half he had taken up a stalking position directly behind Shorter, a few yards to the rear of the early leader, Bill Rodgers of the U.S. And there he loomed, staring at the back of Shorter's head, running with a furrowed brow, blue and white sweatbands on his wrists, adornments that must have grown soggy and heavy in the swirling rain. Past four miles, the leading group had dwindled to 15. Don Kardong, the third American, knowing of the difficult, hilly course to come, and the insidious effects of the 73° heat and 90% humidity, relaxed and dropped away.

The first 10,000 meters was passed in 30:48 by Rodgers and the leaders, a 4:58 mile pace. To observers watching portions of the race being telecast on the huge scoreboard screens in the stadium, it looked faster than the early pace in the 1,500 that Walker had just won. At the 16-km. refreshment table, Shorter took a squeeze bottle of Coke with the carbonation shaken out. Viren, too, took a drink.

"I think his orders were to stay on my shoulder and do what I did," said Shorter later. "I played a few games with him, moving back and forth across the front of the pack, so he would get tangled up with the people behind me."

At 20 km., just short of halfway, Shorter and Rodgers flanked Viren in the front. Five others were with them, and the most dangerous looked to be Jerome Drayton of Canada, a 2:10 performer who won the important Fukuoka (Japan) Marathon last year, and a smoothly moving, relatively stocky East German in a white shirt. This was Waldemar Cierpinski, a 25-year-old ex-steeplechaser from Halle. At 13 miles Cierpinski led and Rodgers faded with pain in a foot he had injured in the U.S. Trials. Viren began to show signs of difficulty, making little darts and lurches sideways. At 14 miles, during Walker's victory ceremony, Drayton took the lead.

The Olympic Photographers

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TONY TRIOLO

The course turned from the Rivière-des-Prairies and headed south along wide thoroughfares past stone walls, grassy medians bursting with marigolds, roses and petunias. As, back in the stadium, Steve Riddick was blasting through the anchor leg of the 4 x 100 relay, Shorter accelerated sharply, drawing quickly away from the dismayed Viren. It seemed a move as decisive as the one that won for him in Munich, but soon Cierpinski came churning back up to his shoulder, running easily. Past 30 km. they ran beside old columned residences, under thick trees that muffled the irritating sound of the helicopter which constantly hovered near them. Up near the green hill of Mount Royal, Shorter showed the strain, pumping harder with his arms. Through narrow streets, by old wrought-iron railings they raced, turning downhill. Suddenly Cierpinski bolted ahead, and Shorter, expressionless, let him go.

Cierpinski drew away to a lead of 80 yards, then Shorter, recovering from a wave of fatigue, began cutting it down to 50, to 20. Past 22 miles Cierpinski looked back, did a double take, and accelerated once more. As the crowd in the stadium roared for Newhouse and Parks on the final legs of the 4 x 400 relay, Shorter, disgusted, knew he would never catch Cierpinski. In the last miles Cierpinski ran with wide, inward eyes, as if the cold chills were moving in him, the shivers of an impending, enormous victory. Flashbulbs from spectators' cameras marked his progress along Sherbrooke and into the stadium, where he arrived not 30 seconds after the playing of the East German anthem for the women's 4 x 400 relay champions.

Cierpinski gave a jaunty wave and nearly tripped on the curb of the track. Then, finishing in 2:09:55—an Olympic record by more than two minutes—he kept on for an extra lap. Shorter, 50 seconds behind, stopped at the finish and so greeted the victor while standing on the line, much in the manner he has greeted the runner-up in almost all his other marathons. Unexpectedly, the next two men entered, 50 yards apart, first Karel Lismont of Belgium, the Munich silver medalist, next Don Kardong, exhausted, leg muscles cramping, but gaining. Throughout the final lap Kardong crept closer, but to no avail. He missed the bronze by 3.2 seconds, running a lifetime best of 2:11.15.8. Then Viren, who had said he wanted to finish honorably, did so, in 2:13:10.8 to take fifth.

"Shorter did a lot for me in the race," said Cierpinski. "Thanks to him the field was torn apart after about 23 kilometers and we had a fast race. I think the rain gave me extra incentive, and it seemed an easy route to me. It actually seemed it was downhill most of the way."

To this, Shorter, faint and contemplating retirement, remarked. "You always feel better when you win."

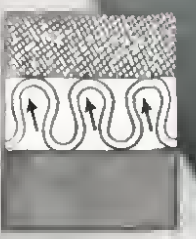
In the morning he felt better, seeing the possibilities of starting afresh. One yearns that a good night's sleep might so rejuvenate these ancient and weary Games.

CONTINUED

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OH, BROTHERS—THEY PUT PUNCH INTO IT

The young U.S. boxing team prayed and preyed together, dominating the favored, more mature Communist fighters and winning five golds, a silver and a bronze

by Pat Putnam

To get to the victory stand this Marine lance corporal Leon Spinks outgunned a Cuban Sixto Soria



Saturday was a proud day for U.S. Olympic boxing. One of the American fighters was a Marine lance corporal, another his kid brother, a part-time dishwasher from St. Louis. The best-known was an introspective 20-year-old they call Sugar, a writer of sensitive poetry who vowed that after the Olympics he would never fight again. And there was the one who answered to the name of John John; sculpted for the ring by his father and dedicated to winning a gold medal in memory of his late mother. The oldest was an Army sergeant; the youngest had a year to go in high school. The biggest was a truck driver from Tennessee. They prayed together often, the fighters and their coaches—Pat Nappi, a quiet Italian-American from Syracuse, N.Y. and Tom Johnson, a gregarious black man from Indianapolis—and their manager, Rolly Schwartz, a Jewish brass and bronze ingot salesman from Cincinnati.

They looked upon themselves as a family joined by a powerful faith in God and each other. Their conditioning was superb, their strategy brilliant and devastating. Sometimes using the rapier, sometimes the bludgeon, they ravaged the Iron Curtain bloc and stripped the mantle of invincibility from the Cubans. When it ended Saturday night, the U.S. had won 35 of 41 fights and had harvested five gold medals—only one fewer than the entire U.S. track team—one silver and one bronze.

Not since 1904 and 1908, when most of the fighters were English or American, has one nation so dominated Olympic boxing. With the silver and the bronze, the team surpassed the five gold medals won by the U.S. in 1952. And last week brought more boxing gold than the U.S. had come home with in the last three Olympics.

The gold medal winners:

• The first Olympic boxing brothers, Leon and Mike Spinks, were the team's big punchers. Leon, the Marine, a 23-year-old light heavyweight with paralyzing power, stopped the highly favored Cuban Sixto Soria at 1:51 of the third round. Mike, a 20-year-old middleweight who prefers to unload his thunderbolts from a distance, forced badly battered Rufat Riskiev—the only Russian fighter

to make it to the finals—to quit at 1:54 of the third round.

• Little Leo Randolph, an 18-year-old flyweight with a golden smile, who will soon return to high school, decisioned Cuban Ramon Duvalon. The vote was split 3–2. "It's the greatest thing that has happened to me since I turned Christian in 1962," said the quiet youngster from just outside Tacoma, Wash. "Tomorrow I'll be home for church."

• Howard (John John) Davis II, 20, from Glen Cove, N.Y., is the lightweight schooled by his father, a former boxer. His mother died of a heart attack two days before the Olympics opened. He said, "I dedicate this gold medal to my mother, wherever she may be." He won his final by a 5–0 decision over Romanian Simion Cutov, a two-time European champion and a veteran of more than 200 bouts.

• Sugar Ray Leonard, the light welterweight with a long ton of captivating personality and two badly injured hands, ignored intense pain to decision Cuban Andres Aldama 5–0.

The silver medal was won by Army Sergeant Charles Mooney, a bantamweight, who was suffering from a bad cold and dropped a 5–0 decision to North Korean Yong Jo Gu, a hooker who entertained interviewers by reading aloud from propaganda pamphlets. They were the same bedtime stories the KorComs read to their prisoners of war 25 years ago. The bronze went to Big John Tate, 21, the sanitation truck driver from Knoxville, an unpolished diamond with only 19 months' experience, who was quickly knocked out in the semifinals by the Cuban Teofilo Stevenson, the eventual heavyweight gold medal winner.

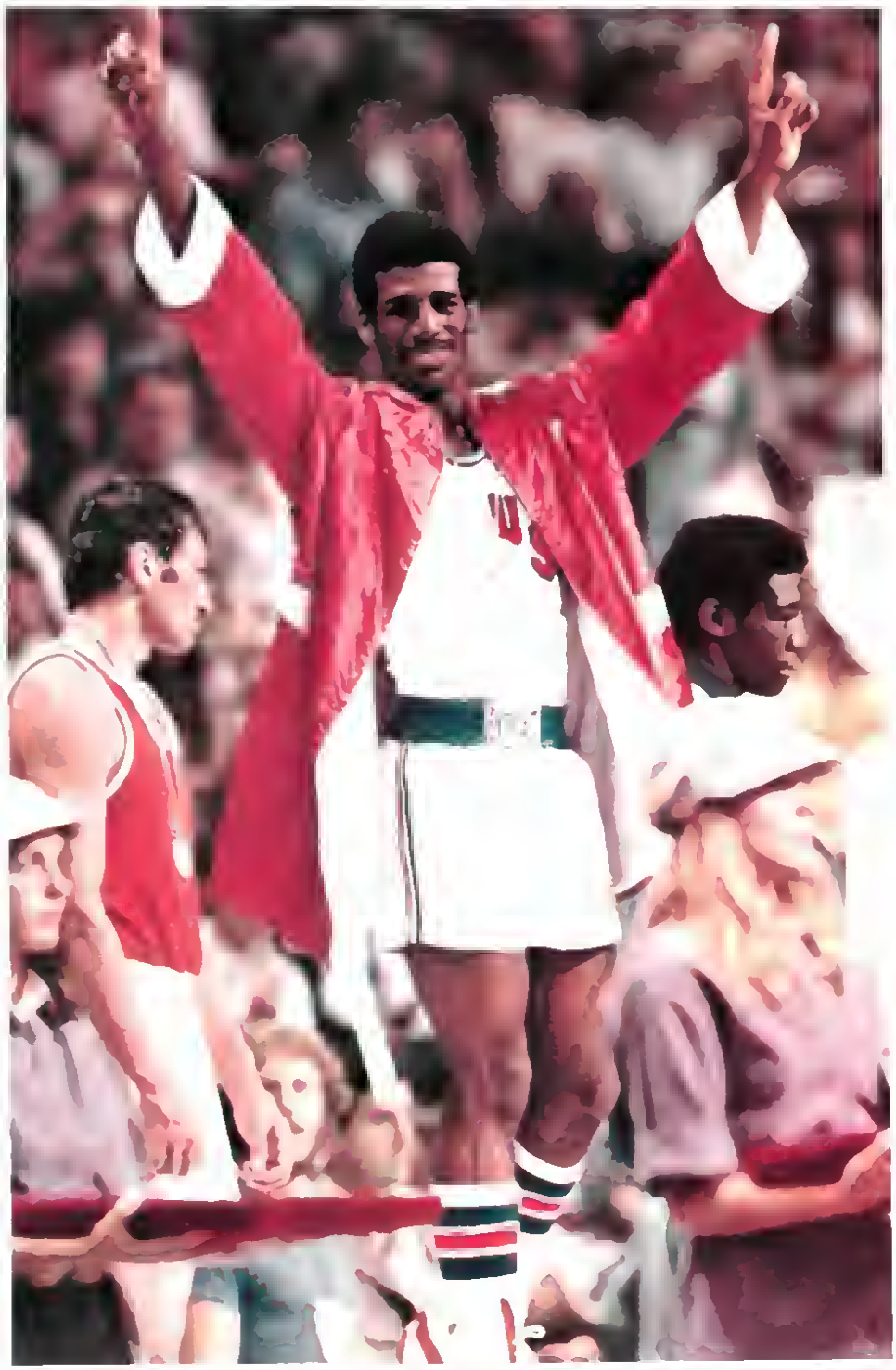
When they weren't fighting Americans in the finals, the stone-faced Cubans, who were expected to win the lion's share of gold medals, did well. Jorge Hernandez decisioned North Korean light flyweight Byong Uk Li; featherweight Angel Herrera knocked out East German Richard Nowakowski; and Stevenson, who also won the gold medal at Munich four years ago—and says now he'll try to make it three straight in 1980 at Moscow—cautiously pursued Mircea Simon, a terrified Romanian, for eight minutes and 35 seconds before knocking him out. It was the Cuban's fourth KO in as many fights, and in all he couldn't have thrown more than half-a-dozen hard punches.

In recent years, Iron Curtain countries had dominated amateur boxing. Since 1952, when the Communists first became seriously involved in the Olympics, their fighters had won 98 medals, including 30 gold. In that span the Russians won 34. Since 1968 the Russian-taught Cubans had taken seven.

Elected national AAU boxing chairman four years ago, Schwartz, the team manager, began setting up an ambush. Historically, American fighters had never fought more than two international matches a year. More often they fought none. What the U.S. fighters were going to get, Schwartz ruled, was a dose of tough experience. Last year he scheduled 33 international matches against the har-

continued

Leon's little brother Mike battered a Russian, Rufat Riskiev, to win the middleweight title



diest foes he could find. Nine matches, for example, were with the Russians; four each with Poland and West Germany; three with Hungary.

"To beat that Eastern European bloc we had to fight them often," said Schwartz, an ex-Army major and the first U.S. referee to qualify for international boxing. "We had to learn their styles and how to cope."

As a stratagem to hide the U.S. strength, Schwartz under-gunned his teams, giving them no more than four or five quality boxers at any one time. The rest were less talented fighters gaining experience from their defeats.

"It was the old shell game," Schwartz said. "We let them stay cocky."

From there, Nappi and Johnson, both ex-career Army men, took over. The coach of the Army boxing team since 1953, Nappi, a short-lived amateur fighter, has been teaching soldiers to box since 1940. He retired in 1962 as a master sergeant, but has been going back to coach the always strong Army team every year. A retired first sergeant, Johnson is now a boxing coach in the Job Corps at Indianapolis. As a ring technician, Nappi says, Johnson has no peer.

"We knew what we were up against—maturity and experience," said Nappi. "Our kids would be outexperienced 10 to one. When a man becomes a champion in an Iron Curtain country you can bet he's good. Look at Russia. The last time I was there, in 1971, they had 480,000 amateur fighters. We had 10,000. We knew how to beat that advantage. And we knew how to beat their styles."

Nappi knew, for instance, that European-style boxers—and that includes the Cubans—cannot fight going backward. Retreat turns them helpless.

"What they do best," said Nappi, "is drive straight ahead, pressing our kids into a corner or against the ropes and then using their vast maturity against them. Our kids simply aren't experienced enough to stay in very long against that. That's why we've never done well."

The Eastern European fighters also move with one foot far in advance and most of the weight on the rear foot, gaining power but reducing mobility almost to nil. And when they punch it is often to the temple area. Unlike the Cubans, who hook with gusto, Iron Curtain fighters seldom stray from jabs, uppercuts and straight right hands.

A battle plan was devised. Nappi and Johnson schooled their fighters in moving forward with power jabs followed by combinations of punches. Force a retreat, they ordered. And keep the hands higher than usual to protect the temples. When U.S. boxers found it necessary to retreat, it was to be a lateral movement—a step to the right or to the left, never straight back. The next step was to counteract Iron Curtain maturity by superb conditioning.

"Our kids had the know-how," Nappi said. "What they needed was the time and the place to work. They had to get into top physical shape."

On June 13 the U.S. fighters went to training quarters at the University of Vermont. They started slowly, first working only one minute at a time on the heavy bag. At the end they were going full bore for three minutes. Then there were Nappi's push-pull engagements. Two fighters, each with an arm around his partner's head, would push and pull one another about the floor; first for three minutes, ultimately for nine. Meanwhile, normal training went on.

"They got in pretty good shape," Nappi said, grinning. "Another good exercise was two of them punching each other to the body—up to six minutes. Our kids gave us everything they had. We couldn't ask for more."

They came to Montreal with bodies hard, skills honed, confidence high. They knew that they had been put down as a second-rate entry behind the Eastern Europeans and the Cubans. And they were enjoying their little private joke.

"They are all computerized fighters," said Leonard, who quickly became the personality star of the team. "Especially the Russians. You don't have to wind them up because they come with lifetime batteries. You just push a button and away they go. All we have to do is keep them off balance."

Leonard, who hails from Palmer Park, Md., has been fighting since 1971, working his way up through the Golden Gloves and the AAU to national championships. At Mexico City he was a Pan-American Games gold medalist. For him the Olympics was the last pit stop. Two years ago he promised his mother and his girl friend, Juanita Wilkinson, to whom he writes all his poetry, that after the Olympics he would never fight again.

He is a slender youngster, and handsome, with a deep interest in working with children. This fall he will enter the University of Maryland, to which he was given a two-year scholarship by the people of Glenarden, Md. Over his bed in the Village he had hung a huge Maryland state flag.

Before the final he sat on his cot and stared at his fragile hands, which pain him. The knuckles of his right hand are always swollen. An injury to the outside edge of his left hand prevents him from making a solid fist.

He flexed the slender fingers of both hands. "One more fight," he said in a low voice, "then it is over. I've been fighting here with one hand. Now I'll let go

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Howard Davis dedicated his gold medal to his mother, who died just before the Olympics started



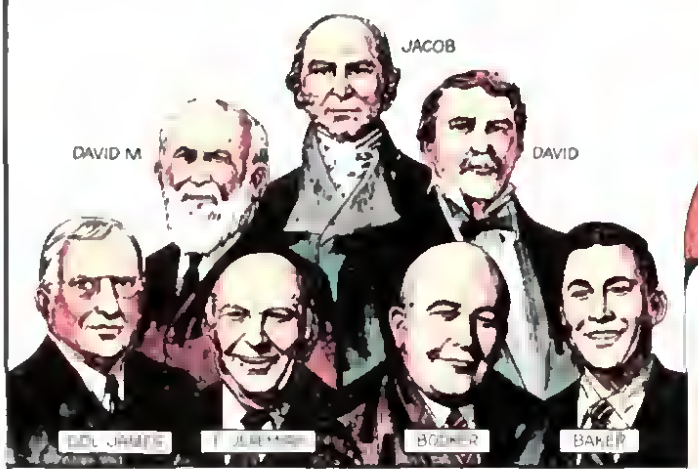
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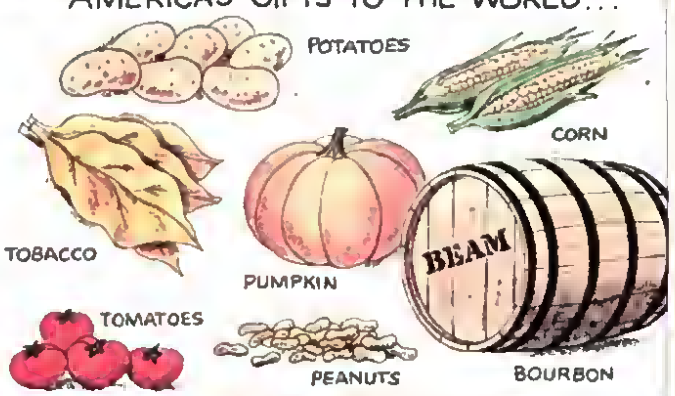
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with everything." He looked up and smiled. "What do I have to lose?"

Howard Davis is even more skilled as a fighter than Leonard. A remarkably clever boxer, he thinks people who take a punch to deliver one are foolish. Soon, he hopes, he will carry that philosophy into the professional ranks.

"I'm no brawler," Davis said. "The Europeans take a lot of punches. They get cut up, and looking ugly is just part of the day's work. But I don't want to be ugly. I'm not crazy."

None of the U.S. fighters carries marks of his craft. Mike Spinks has a scar on his cheek, but it was put there by his brother Leon years ago. One day they were playing hooky from school and they got into a battle over a bologna sandwich. Leon pulled down a curtain rod and bent it around one of Mike's knees.

"I called for time out," said Mike, making a T with his fingers. "That's when he let me have it in the head."

The Spinkses are more than brothers; they are close friends. One is seldom without the other.

"We haven't seen anything outside the Village," Leon said.

"All we know is that downtown is that way," said Mike, pointing out a window. "And we only know that 'cause we can see the big buildings."

"Just like when we were kids," said Leon. "Our mother used to keep us in the house because we were always getting beat up. Guys would push us around, take our money. They called us 'messovers' because we were easy to mess over."

"We got tired of it," Mike said. "So we'd go out on the porch of our house and hit each other in the ribs. We'd go to the recreation center and watch other fighters and try it out on each other. When the kids heard how good Leon was doing they started leaving us alone."

Still, they fought each other. Almost hourly.

"Fought like madmen," said Mike, grinning at Leon. "Almost to kill. We were always mad about something. I thought I was the toughest in the house. I fought with everybody—my four brothers, my sister. I thought I was real good, so one day I boxed my sister and she busted my nose. Made me mad as hell."



"It's the greatest thing to happen to me since I turned Christian in 1962," said Leo Randolph.

"He never fought with Mother," Leon said. "She could whip him good."

"Still can."

At home in St. Louis, Kay Spinks had watched her sons' Olympic bouts on TV. The set was borrowed and not working very well. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* carried a story on her plight. The next day an anonymous benefactor in Webster Groves, Mo., called the paper.

"That woman deserves to be there to see her sons fight for the gold medal," he said. "I'll pay all her expenses."

"I felt like someone had just given me a diamond ring," said Mrs. Spinks. "God bless them. God bless them."

The first American to fight on Saturday was Leo Randolph. He was announced as Leon Rudolph. No matter. In the balcony, fans had draped three large American flags over the railing. Two of them were backward, stars on the right. In spite of all that and a Polish referee, Zamislaw Kozak, who was a third arm for Duvalon, the Cuban, Randolph hauled in his gold medal.

Then Mooney lost to the North Korean.

Next it was Davis, and all he lost was the official number on his back. He came in with a homemade 333, and a smashing, dancing attack that overwhelmed the game Cutov. Score: two gold, one silver.

Later, Davis fingered the gold medal around his neck and smiled. "So far I haven't had any pro offers," he said, "but now when they see the medal I may get a few."

Immediately, John Condon of Madison Square Garden offered to let Davis make his debut on the Sept. 28 Ali-Norton card in Yankee Stadium. Davis said he thought it would be too soon. Still, he and the other gold medal winners will be guests at the fight.

Now it was Sugar Ray against the southpaw Aldama, who had hit Bulgaria's Vladimir Kolev so hard in their semifinal bout there were fears that Kolev might have a broken neck. Taken away unconscious on a stretcher, the Romanian awoke in the dressing room with nothing worse than a headache.

Always circling, never letting the Cuban get set, Sugar Ray went to work, using both hands with a fury. Ignoring his aching knuckles, he began getting to Aldama in the second round, dropped him just before the bell. Midway through the third round he caught the Cuban flush with a hook, banged four rights to the head, and with only a few seconds to go had him out on his feet. The referee, an Iranian named Karapet K. Kouchar,

continued

stepped between the fighters and stayed there until the bell. It was a unanimous decision, although two of the judges (an Egyptian and a Peruvian) gave it to Sugar Ray by only one point (59–58).

Mike was the first of the brothers to go on. He had drawn Riskiev, a 27-year-old Russian with a face that looked as though it had been rented out as a target for Cossack swords. Riskiev came in wearing a white patch above his right eye. Adopting his brother's style, Mike went inside, hooking with both hands in long bursts. By the end of Round One the Russian was hanging on. In the next round he went down, floored by a looping overhand right. Rising, he took a count of eight, and at the bell staggered to his corner.

He should have stayed there. In the third, Mike really went to work. Slowly the Russian came apart. Then, with just a little over a minute to go, Spinks hooked hard to the midsection, catching Riskiev right on the belt and driving his stomach halfway to Kiev. Clutching himself, the Russian cried foul. The referee said that would win him a silver medal. Riskiev took it.

Near the back of the sold-out Montreal Forum, Leon had watched the fight anxiously. "I wanted him to win more than I wanted me to win," he said. "I kept asking the Lord to watch over him."

Now it was Leon's turn, against the hard-hitting 22-year-old Cuban, Sixto Soria, a muscular man with a stunning right-hand punch. From the bell it was a war, neither man backing off: the Cuban faster, Spinks the harder hitter. Near the end of the first round, Spinks staggered the Cuban with a right, turned him around with a second and dropped him with a third. The second round was a repeat, only this time the Cuban managed to stay on his feet, battered but erect at the bell.

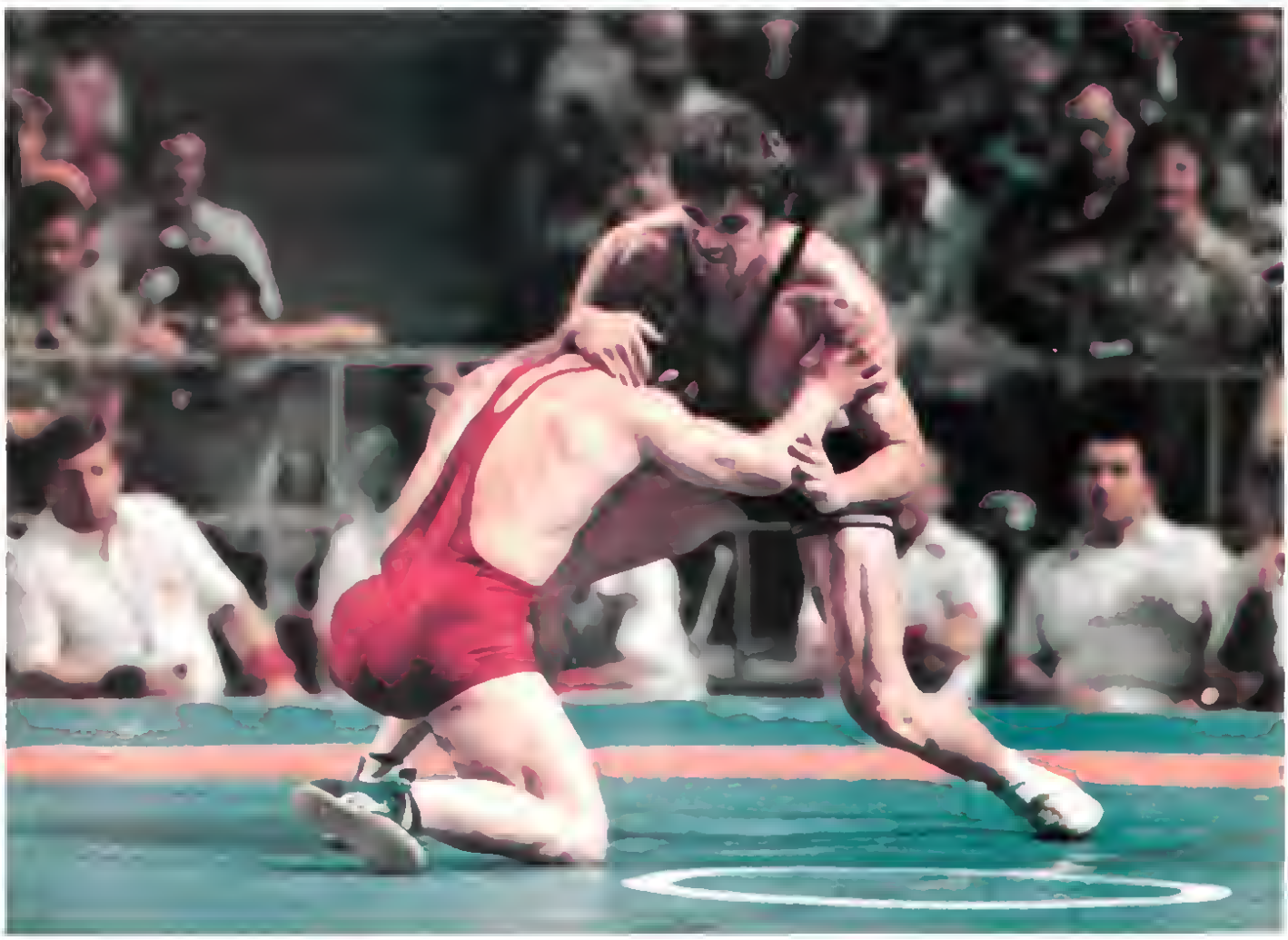
Then, bam! It was over. Early in the third round a right hand spun the Cuban again and Spinks chased him across the ring. A long right to the temple put Sixto on his face. He got up, took the count and then, with 1:51 to go, was pushed to his corner by Referee Boris Savin of the U.S.S.R.

Though he has plenty of pro potential, Sugar Ray Leonard will hang up his gloves and go to college

Later, Sugar Ray was saying, "My journey has ended, my dream is fulfilled. I want to thank the people of Montreal, the people of Maryland, the people of the United States and the people of the world for everything. Now I want to go to school. I have been an example for the young people as a fighter. Now I want to show them that you can be a champion at school, too."

He smiled and then he added, "And I'll always remember the beautiful and wonderful feeling when they played the national anthem and they put that gold medal around my neck."

A lot of people will also remember the beautiful feeling this group of young men inspired all over the U.S.





A DIFFERENT TWIST IN THIS BROTHER ACT

John Peterson became a champion, but brother Ben, a Munich titlist, dropped a notch after he met a great ol' Soviet Georgia boy

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

American wrestler Ben Peterson had a comfortable lead against a Polish rival Friday night in Montreal's Maurice Richard Arena when his older brother John, an Olympic teammate, suddenly decided it was not comfortable enough. Bounding from his seat, John made his way to Ben's side just as the second period ended and joined the coaches in offering counsel. "You've got to circle more instead of coming straight at him all the time," he said urgently. "This guy is *dangerous*." Ben listened gravely, then went out against Pawel Kurczewski for the final round. Circling as instructed, he wrapped up the easy victory.

As the U.S. wrestling brothers went about this sort of thing in the 6,500-seat arena, rivals might have thought they were seeing double. Though 27-year-old John Peterson was competing as a middleweight and 26-year-old Ben as a light heavyweight, similarities between the broad-shouldered, intensely aggressive pair often made it hard to tell which one was on the mat. Something else they had in common was touched on by Paul Peterson, their father, a Wisconsin dairy farmer who allowed proudly that his boys were wholesome lads who wrestled "not just for themselves but for their country." And when John wound up with a gold medal and Ben with a silver, they were, in effect, conjuring up reverse images of the same picture: at the Munich Olympics in 1972 it was Ben who took the gold, John the silver.

The brotherly success might have been even tidier—like both winning golds at the same Olympics—were it not for Levan Tediashvili, a winegrower's son from Soviet Georgia who is considered the world's best all-around wrestler. Tediashvili, unbeaten in international matches since he began competing in 1971, whipped John Peterson in Munich on his way to the gold medal in the 180.5-pound middleweight division. Then he won world championships for the next three years in the 198-pound light-heavy class, the division in which he beat Ben Peterson for the gold in Montreal.

With Tediashvili leading the way, the Soviets won five of the 10 weight classes, reasserting their dominance of the sport. Still, American wrestlers gave John and Ben just enough medal support—the U.S. total was one gold, three silvers and two bronzes—to suggest that the current boomlet in freestyle wrestling in this country extends beyond the Peterson farm.

The fitness campaign was grueling in Montreal, where the team ran three miles every morning and wrestled an hour nonstop each afternoon. Some wrestlers attended a concert in the Olympic Village by Blood, Sweat and Tears, a fitting name, but the training regimen remained otherwise undisturbed even by the birth of a daughter to welterweight Stan Dziedzic's wife Arlene back in Pittsburgh. It was the couple's first child, but

continued

In the final middleweight bout, John Peterson was on top of Mehmet Uzun of Turkey all the way

until the Games ended, the proud father knew 3-week-old Jodi only through snapshots and the sound of her crying over the long-distance line. "It's frustrating not to be able to see or hold her but the Olympics are awfully important to me," Dziedzic said. He was so lost in training that he learned of Jimmy Carter's nomination 10 days after it happened.

The emphasis on conditioning paid dividends. Dziedzic, who won a bronze, showed his stuff against Russia's Ruslan Ashuralyev, a two-time world champion. The Russian jumped to a 6–3 lead, but Dziedzic came back with eight straight points to win 11–6. "I needed a little extra toughness and it was there," he said. Heavyweight Russ Hellickson staged a couple of similar early-round rallies before losing to the Soviet's Ivan Yarygin, who picked up his second straight gold medal. The agile Yarygin went ahead 17–4 but was flailing at the end as Hellickson, who got the silver, exhibited stamina even in defeat, storming back to make the final margin 19–13.

Veteran featherweight Gene Davis of Lakewood, Calif. had a shot at a gold medal but ended up with a bronze after he was pinned by Jung-Mo Yang of Korea. To the American team it looked as though Davis' shoulder was six inches above the mat, but the U.S. beef was rejected. It was the only complaint made by the Americans, who felt that otherwise the officiating was excellent.

The sixth U.S. medal was won by Marine First Lieut. Lloyd (Butch) Keaser, a lightweight who hoped to become the first black Olympic wrestling champion but had to settle, maddeningly, for silver after a scoring mixup. A former collegiate wrestler at Annapolis, Keaser lost to Dan Gable in the 1972 team trials, but after Gable retired Keaser won the world championship in 1973. In Montreal he rolled over six straight opponents with a Gablesque ease that had everybody admiring his ankle picks, lateral movement, underhooks and other terms that trip off the tongues of wrestling folk. It was such esoterica that prompted a newspaperman to ask after Keaser pinned Iran's Mohamed-Reza Navaii, "In technical terms, what was your winning move called, Lloyd?" Devilishly, Keaser replied, "A bear hug."

Until his last bout Keaser appeared to be heading straight for the gold. Under the convoluted scoring system, he was so far ahead of the field going into his final bout against the Russian Pavel Pinigin that he did not even need to win, all he had to do to take the gold medal was avoid losing the match by more than seven points. For some reason Keaser mistakenly got the idea he was safe if he lost by 11, with the result that even after a fired-up Pinigin manhandled him 12–1, he thought he had won the gold. When the U.S. coaches told him that Pinigin was Olympic champion, Keaser was stunned. "I don't know how I got confused about the scoring," he said. He was no clearer on what went wrong on the mat. "The Russian just took it to me," he said of his shellacking. "Maybe being so close to the gold hurt me subconsciously."

All of which left it up to the Peterson family to win a gold medal for the U.S. Along with three other brothers and a sister, John and Ben grew up on their parents' 80-acre dairy farm in Comstock, Wis., where they hefted bales of hay, milked the cows and earned spending money by working at a nearby cannery. They went off to wrestle in college, John to Stout (Wis.) State, Ben to Iowa State, but both remain silo-straight. John currently is coaching a wrestling team of Athletes in Action, an arm of Campus Crusade for Christ. Ben left his Olympic Village quarters the other evening for a bout and realized he had forgotten something. He went back for his Bible.

As defending Olympic champion, Ben complained of receiving no more respect than Rodney Dangerfield. "Once you win the gold, you get the idea you're never going to lose again," he said. "But it doesn't work that way. Guys are out to beat you." Certainly Ben did not get



Ben Peterson makes pure taffy out of Barbaro Morgan of Cuba



But a big bear of a hug is applied by the Soviets' Teddy in the final

much respect early last week from Bulgaria's Choukri Lutviev. With only five seconds left, Ben was behind 13–12, facing a defeat that possibly could have knocked him out of the running for even a bronze. Then with a remarkable effort of will, Ben drove in and grabbed a leg, rolled Lutviev over and angled the Bulgarian's shoulders toward the mat, a maneuver that earned him two points and victory in the bout. A Bulgarian protest that the maneuver deserved just one point was disallowed, as was the claim that the move occurred after time had run out.

Alas for Ben, he could not repeat the comeback in his showdown with Tediashvili. The Russian is so accustomed to dominating matches that he assumes an embarrassed expression when somebody manages to score a rare point against him. Otherwise, he all but yawns as he works his will on opponents. Tediashvili didn't quite do this to Ben. He literally had his hands full as he twisted and flexed his way to a 10–5 win. "Teddy is explosive but at the same time his technique is mostly basic stuff," said U.S. Coach Wayne Baughman. "He ties people up, gets them to make mistakes and then takes advantage."

The one benefit in wrestling Teddy is that it can be educational. Following *his* Olympic loss to the Russian in Munich, John Peterson decided it was time to expand his repertoire, which consisted mostly of leg attacks, by becoming better at counter wrestling, reacting to the other man's moves. "I really had only a couple of moves in Munich," John recalls. "I couldn't have got by using the same ones again."

It was a vastly improved John Peterson, then, who swept over six rivals in Montreal, including Russia's Viktor Novojilov, for the middleweight gold. Held to two-all after the first period, John soon exploded for 16 straight points—one spectacular six-point flurry coming when he repeatedly lifted Novojilov off the ground and rolled him across the mat, like a child pushing a hoop—winning 20–4. John cinched the gold by beating Turkey's Mehmet Uzun, then cheered in vain on the sidelines as Ben lost to Teddy, momentarily dampening John's joy over his own gold-medal performance. As John put it, "When you've got a brother in it with you, it's hard getting all wrapped up in yourself."

TWELVE QUIET MEN ON A RAMPAGE

The sobersided, untested U.S. basketball team was too quick, too clever and, simply, too much for the Yugoslavs or any other men's squad **by Frank Deford**

Unless you're an out-and-out, Panama Canal-forever type jingoist, it is really heartwarming to see what a good sport the U.S. is about Olympic basketball. Every other country gets to drill its best players as a unit for three or four years. America's top 300 or so—the pros—are eliminated right off the bat, and so are many college seniors whose ten-percenters fear they might "get hurt" at the Olympics. From what is left, a committee picks the U.S. team, then gives a coach six weeks to teach this group of strangers his system. Once the Americans arrive at the Olympics, they have to play by everybody else's rules. And for a fillip in Montreal, most of the games were held in the neighborhood hockey rink, where the court was several feet short of regulation size. That diminished the Yanks' edge in speed and lessened the effectiveness of their pressure defenses.

Finally, should the U.S. lose—or even get a scare—there is a lot of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth all around the republic over how America is losing basketball superiority. If the U.S. wins, all the patriots order another beer, yawn and say that the losers could not beat Murray State in the Ohio Valley Conference.

Well, yawn, the United States won the 1976 Olympic gold medal with a 95–74 victory over Yugoslavia in the finals, and it mattered not at all that the Americans did not get a chance to "avenge"—a favorite media word—the 1972 Munich defeat by Russia, the only defeat for the U.S. in Olympic basketball history. This time the U.S. was too quick, too deep, too smart, too versatile for any of the textbook tough-guy teams from Eastern Europe. Before the finals, the Yugoslav coach, a helpful chap named Mirko Novosel, was good enough to establish a line on the game. He made the U.S. a 2–1 favorite. Novosel is also a lawyer, and he was just giving it to his clients straight.

International basketball is strangely prefigured. Certain teams have the Indian sign on others. Yugoslavia can beat Russia on every given day; it had done so five times in a row, going back to '72. Russia drew Yugoslavia in one semifinal, with the U.S. facing Canada in the other. The day before the semis, Jack Donohue, the American who coaches Canada, made some polite conversation with Vladimir Kondrashin, the Russian coach. "Hey, you and me—Canada and the Soviets—in the finals, huh?" Donohue said. The Russian coach bowed his head in despair. "Maybe you, not us," he moaned.

With such confidence at the helm, the Russian team played scared the instant it hit the court. The Yugoslavs, a sartorially fascinating bunch—no two players wear socks of the same color—pounded to a 17–4 lead, and although the Soviets rallied to make a fight of it, they wore themselves out playing elbows and earthquakes. Vladimir Tkachenko, the massive 18-year-old Russian center whose main talent is occupying a vast area close to the basket, was completely neutralized. When the Yugoslavs were on defense, they fronted him, and since it was apparent all along that Tkachenko is not the long-sought Great White Leaper, he could not get the ball, even though he stands more than seven feet tall. When the Yugoslavs were on offense, they ran him, winded him, drove at him and turned him into Silly Putty. The better Commie team won 89–84.

In the capitalistic semi, the Canadians were no match for the U.S. By then the youngest club in the tournament, masterfully coached by Dean Smith of the University of North Carolina, was in superb form. With each preliminary game, the players had worked better together,

continued



Working inside against taller Yugoslavs, 6' 5" Dantley scored 30 in the 95–74 U.S. win in the final

and the move from a small hall to the 16,400-seat Forum for the final two games seemed to juice up the Yanks.

The U.S. had opened with a decisive 20-point victory over the Italians, who were clever and experienced enough (they averaged almost 27 years of age) to just miss beating Yugoslavia later. Then came a fluke game against Puerto Rico that demonstrated why Red China does not want to play Taiwan. The U.S. beat its island by only a point, 95–94, but despite the score, the mainland Americans played rather well. The problem was that the Puerto Ricans shot 64%, with two-thirds of the points coming from their starting guards. One of them, Neftali Rivera, was born on one island—Puerto Rico—but learned his basketball on the playgrounds of another—Manhattan. The other was Butch Lee, a star for Marquette who lives in New York, but 19 years ago spent just enough time in Puerto Rico to be born there.

After that scare, the U.S. flattened Yugoslavia for the first time, 112–93, in a bizarre game full of senseless whistles. Yugoslavia led 55–51 at the half, but the referees settled down thereafter and the U.S. regrouped in a zone defense. The second half of this game was a watershed for the Americans. They held together under difficult circumstances, showed ingenuity and spunk and, for the first time, found Scott May of Indiana University ready to accept the burdens he had been expected to carry.

Until then May had often been tentative, and he had not adjusted to the international game as well as the other forward, Adrian Dantley of Notre Dame. And Dantley, working mostly underneath, was playing out of position. "I'm 6' 5", and May's just a bit taller. We're two small forwards," Dantley said. "So one of us had to go inside. That's not my game. I'm used to being on the wing, but we've all got to sacrifice."

Once May got his bearings in the first Yugoslav game, the U.S. was never again threatened. In the final, the Americans sprang to an 8–0 lead, and with Dantley outplaying the taller Kresimir Cosic, the former Brigham Young University star, at both ends of the floor, the Yanks kept the score doubled (44–22) as late as 14 minutes into the game. The Yugoslavs made something of a run in the second half when the referees decided it would be amusing to let them play ten-pins with the Americans for a while (Dantley got a cut over his eye that required seven stitches during this divertissement), but the losers could never get closer than 10.

Dantley and May were the offensive stalwarts throughout, but Phil Ford, the North Carolina guard, was perhaps the indispensable, one-of-a-kind player on the team. No European could cope with his remarkable quickness, with or without the ball. Quinn Buckner, the team captain, also from Indiana, exhibited his usual superior floor game and his typically unpredictable shooting. The centers—Mitch Kupchak and Tom LaGarde, two others from Smith's North Carolina team—were considered America's weakest link going in, and though they performed adequately, they could never lift the team and carry it the way other starters sometimes did. Phil Hubbard of the University of Michigan, Kenny Carr of North Carolina State and Ernie Grunfeld of the University of Tennessee were the best off the bench.

In terms of both temperament and style, it was a homogeneous crew. You could not ask for a nicer and duller collection of young men. Smith acknowledged that in selecting the players considerable weight was given to their personalities. At the trials they were asked to do various nuisance things—run, for example, not walk, to the water fountain whenever Smith said it was time to get a drink—to find out who were the gripers and who were the good scouts. By the time the squad reached Montreal, the team was one, the team was everything. The Americans often went one-on-one—indeed, this is what set the U.S. apart from the stylized European units—but it was heretical even to whisper of such individual transgressions. Would Dantley comment on his magnificent 30-point effort in the finals? No, he said, he just thought about the team. Would Ford talk about his quickness? Well, he replied, quickness is nice to have if you have a great team around you. If the Americans had been some Eastern European team, U.S. observers would have mocked those Commies, all thinking the same and spouting a party line.

Obviously, wooden Indians are the right sort of fellows to bring together for

this task. The Americans' poise was memorable. They refused to panic or to get down to the gutter level of some of the other teams. In fact, it seems that the one advantage the U.S. has is that the other teams play according to the rough-and-tumble international rules. The Americans must adapt for a couple of weeks every four years, but in between they play their own game and refine its subtleties. The others must spend so much time defending themselves, playing a game that revolves around fouls, that their natural progress is impeded.

Of course, the U.S. will have one major disadvantage in 1980, because Russia will have the homecourt advantage. This may not be enough to stop the U.S. men but should make it all but impossible for the U.S. women to challenge the Soviets. Women's basketball was included in the Olympics at Montreal for the first time, and the Russians, who have not lost a tournament game since 1968, were so much better than any of the other five entries that it might have been best if the women's play had been stopped out of mercy, the way boxing matches are.

The main attraction in the competition was 281-pound Juliana Semenova, who is listed at 6′ 11″ but is clearly much taller. A lefty who wears sporty red-white-and-blue wristbands, Semenova is ponderous, to be sure, but she is not without a nice touch and she works diligently at all times. To her friends, she is Lasia, a warm diminutive, and she is known as a dear and happy person. She did not march in the opening parade, lest she call attention to her height, but she was often seen in the Olympic Village, striding about with her smaller teammates.

It was no pleasure to watch Lasta on the court, because many cruel people booed and taunted her efforts. It was best when the Russians got way ahead (which seldom took long), so that she could sit on the bench unmolested, then get back to her books and music when the game was over. By contrast, the Soviets' second-leading scorer, a 5′ 9″ guard named Tatjana Ovetchkina, deserved calumny; she was quite possibly the dirtiest performer in the Games regardless of age, sex, race or national origin.

U.S. Coach Billie Jean Moore's women lost their first game to Japan, took the obligatory beating from Russia (112–77), but refused to fold. They won the silver medal and a great deal of prime-time shilling from ABC; it was as if the network was getting ready to replace *Charlie's Angels* with a women's basketball league next January. Julienne Simpson steered the team, Lucy Harris, the 6′ 3″ center from Delta State, was the Americans' high scorer (15.2 points per game) and three other U.S. players—Nancy Dunkle, Patricia Roberts and Ann Meyers—were also among the Olympic scoring leaders.

The women thus have a fine nucleus for a continuing national team—wait until 1984—while the men go on to the pros. Dean Smith says he will not return, either, but his role this time was crucial. In the past, men like John Wooden did not want the job of Olympic coach because of the political hassling. Smith's predecessor, Henry Iba, past his coaching prime, tried to force an antique style upon his young charges. Smith took the job even though he knew he could not select his own team. But if, as seems likely, that rule is changed, Smith will have started a pattern whereby a leading coach will be *honored* with the job each Olympiad. "They change the players every time," Smith says. "They might as well change the coach, too.

CONTINUED

Semenove, who is at least 6′ 11″ and the other Soviet women towered over the rest of the field



NOW MAYBE HIS WIFE WILL LISTEN

When Vasily Alexeyev arrived in Montreal, all 345 pounds of him, his reign as the strongest man in the world seemed to be finished. This year a pair of young upstarts had broken the 34-year-old Russian's two superheavyweight records. The gold medalist at Munich in 1972, he was now without a world mark to his name. The new superheavies in the scenario were Khristo Plachkov of Bulgaria, 23 years old, 317 pounds, and Gerd Bonk of East Germany, 24, 333. Bonk, the bronze medalist four years ago, had won the European championship in April, breaking Alexeyev's world record in the clean and jerk with a lift of 252.5 kilograms (557 pounds). In May, Plachkov totaled 442.5 kilograms (976 pounds) to surpass Alexeyev's remaining record. But the mining engineer and rose fancier from Ryazan was unperturbed during the days leading up to last week's competition. Whenever his Olympic coach, Rudolf Plukfelder, was asked, "Where is Alexeyev?" he would answer, "At a lake. Fishing."

The fact is, Alexeyev did have very impressive daily workouts. His wife, wonderfully named Olimpiada, was bored, but his competitors were intent observers. Intent and concerned, Bonk, a mechanic from Karl-Marx-Stadt who as a youth once asked Alexeyev for his autograph, said, "My back is still hurting from an injury. All I can hope for is a silver medal." Plachkov was absolutely demoralized. He failed to lift well in training and his coach, Ivan Abadjiev, decided to pull him out of the competition. "Plachkov has a bad knee and an upset stomach," he said. "He might embarrass himself and his country."

With Plachkov out, the anticipated showdown among the top three superheavyweights never came to pass. As for the Alexeyev-Bonk duel, the Russian Merited Master of Sport intoned before the competition in a voice that rolled like distant thunder, "Bonk could not even beat me if I were 50 years old."

Their confrontation came at the end of a nine-day competition in nine weight classes. The U.S., which had not won an Olympic weightlifting medal since 1968, got a surprise silver when Lee James, a 22-year-old middle heavyweight from Manchester, Pa., lifted personal records in the snatch, the clean and jerk and total of 362.5 kilograms (794 pounds).

Each of the 11 superheavyweight competitors had three lifts in both the snatch and the clean and jerk, and while they took their turns at increasing weights, sweating and grunting, Alexeyev stayed in the back room. Finally, after Bonk had settled for 375 pounds in the snatch, Alexeyev chose to open with 386 pounds, his 1972 Olympic record. He won with 408 pounds, a new Olympic record.

Straining mightily, the henpecked Alexeyev shows he still wears the pants in the superheavyweight division as he snatches the barbell to victory in Montreal



Next came the clean and jerk, Alexeyev's best event. Again he waited until the weight had gone up—to 230 kilograms (507 pounds), which had clinched the gold medal for him four years ago. Bonk bettered this on his last try with a lift of 518 pounds. At this point, Alexeyev already had the gold medal in his pocket. His total was 415 kilograms (915 pounds), while Bonk's added up to 405 (893 pounds). New weights were added to the bar, and the scoreboard indicated that Alexeyev would try for a new world mark of 255 kilograms (562 pounds). The crowd broke into wild cheers as Alexeyev strode imperiously onto the stage. He stood against the wall, staring at the bar as if it were a beast to be tamed. Then he slowly approached it, closed his eyes momentarily, gripped the bar and, with a great "Arrrgh," hoisted it onto his shoulders and from there above his head, staggering backward and to the side, his formidable belly quivering, until he stood motionless, triumphant, again the strongest man on earth.

Later he was asked whether he would have won had Plachkov competed. "Everything would still be in the same place even if Mr. Plachkov had been there," he rumbled. "Maybe now my wife will show more respect." Bruce Wilhelm, a 31-year-old teacher from Sunnyvale, Calif., who finished fifth, said, "Any time you compete against Alexeyev you know you cannot win."

The following day Alexeyev reigned at a banquet given by the International Weightlifting Federation. Resplendent in brown pants, a green shirt, a maroon tie and a maroon blazer, he received a second gold medal, because the Olympic competition had also counted as a world championship. He celebrated his victory with Russian brandy from a paper cup and posed for photographers with a mighty arm around pretty, miniskirted Patty Bayless, Wilhelm's girl friend.

Olimpiada surveyed the scene with a stern face. "Is this just a bore for you?" asked Patty. "*Da*," said Olimpiada. Then she admonished her husband, "Why don't you button your coat? Everybody else's is buttoned." Frowning, Alexeyev glanced at his belly. Choosing to remain unbuttoned, he went off to embrace Wilhelm. "*Do svydanya* [see you] in Moscow," said Wilhelm. "*Do svydanya*," said Alexeyev.

—ANITA VERSCHOTH

ANGEL OF THE TALL TOWER



In his final Olympics, Dibiasi was first again

In his native Italy, they call Klaus Dibiasi *l'Angelo Biondo*, the Blond Angel, which is apt because of his seemingly winged descents off the 10-meter diving tower and his unfailingly gentle nature. Although his opponents are not quite so effusive, they, too, hold the 28-year-old Dibiasi in high regard. After he outpointed the U.S.' young Greg Louganis and six other rivals in last week's tower competition, few of the losers spent much time grieving. "I did my best—I'm satisfied," the 16-year-old Louganis said with a shrug, clutching his silver medal. Cynthia Potter McIngvale, who won a bronze medal for the U.S. in women's springboard, said, "Getting beat by Klaus is no disgrace. He's a legend."

For Dibiasi, the triumph crowned an extraordinary Olympic career spanning 12 years. He won in Montreal despite a sore left Achilles tendon that made him consider withdrawing just 48 hours before the tower finals. But when the time arrived to start plunging off the platform, the equivalent of diving from a four-story building, there was Dibiasi snapping off his 10 dives with all the familiar consistency and control.

As always, Dibiasi's victory was shared by his father and coach, Carlo, a baldish retired bank clerk known to divers of all countries as Poppa. A native of Bolzano, a city of 100,000 nestled in the Dolomites, the elder Dibiasi dived for the Italian team at the 1936 Olympics. In World War II he was a corporal in the German anti-tank corps, was captured by the British in North Africa and transported as a prisoner of war to Ft. Leonard Wood (Mo.).

After the war the Dibiasis lived in Austria, where Klaus was born, but the family soon returned to Bolzano. Painfully withdrawn, 17-year-old Klaus was nevertheless enough of a prodigy at the '64 Games to lead the tower field after the preliminaries. In the finals he blew a dive and was edged by American Bob Webster. Maturing, he got gold medals at Mexico City and Munich and won the last two world championships. For all that, Dibiasi was apprehensive in Montreal, confiding that the pressure had never been so great, especially from his countrymen.

Pressure was also being applied by Louganis, who is a slightly more acrobatic, shoot-the-works tower challenger typical of the newer breed of divers. Swarthy and catlike, Louganis is of Samoan extraction. He was adopted by Peter and Frances Louganis of El Cajon, Calif. when he was eight months old, and he smiled shyly at his parents as he mounted the tower. He then performed a sensational series of dives that enabled him to outscore Dibiasi narrowly in the preliminaries. In the finals the Italian had moved into the lead by his fifth dive, but Louganis was saving his three bread-and-butter dives for the end, and after the first of these, a nicely executed inward 2½, Louganis closed the gap to only 6.66 points. Then, in a scene reminiscent of Dibiasi's own experience as an Olympic rookie, Louganis scored a disappointing 50.46 on his forward 3½, a dive that had earned him a whopping 76.56 in the preliminaries.

That sealed it for Dibiasi, who went on to win 600.51 to 576.99, with the U.S.S.R.'s 16-year-old Vladimir Aleynik taking the bronze with 548.61.

Afterward Louganis went off to a U.S. team banquet where everybody agreed that he would be the man to beat in 1980. Among those sharing the opinion was Dibiasi, who said he will retire after the European Cup later this month in Edinburgh. "I like Greg very much," said *l'Angelo Biondo*, gracious to the end. "He is very modest and very *simpatico*. I see in him myself when I was 16."

—JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

CONTINUED



Ryon straightened out her somersaulting arrows in a driveway

TOP DRAWS BY TWO ACES

Forty miles northeast of the hubbub in Montreal, as the crow flies, 64 archers from 25 countries assembled in the quiet hamlet of Joliette to shoot 72 arrows daily last Tuesday through Friday. Even the crows that did occasionally fly by kept their beaks shut, as if fearing they might be picked off by sharpshooters who set 10 Olympic and five world records. When the last bow was bent, Joliette finally heard noise—mostly hurrahs for gold medalists Darrell Pace of Reading, Ohio and Luann Ryon of Riverside, Calif.

Pace, 19, has had a remarkable succession of triumphs since he nearly lost his right thumb while working on a motorcycle in 1973. His victories include a world championship and three national titles. A skinny-looking 135-pounder, he nevertheless can control a bow that requires a 48-pound draw. That means his arrows fly downrange on a nearly flat trajectory at 205 feet per second, faster than for any other target shooter.

Pace walked away with five Olympic records



In contrast, Ryon, 23, was participating in her first international tournament. Her only major win before Joliette had come in the Olympic Trials, for which she had practiced mostly in her driveway. "The farthest I could shoot was 45 yards," she says, "and to do that I had to put the target in the garage."

Pace, who led from the 18th arrow on, broke all the Olympic marks established by John Williams of the U.S. in 1972, when archery was reinstated after a 52-year Olympic absence. He set records for every distance (90-70-50-30 meters) and surpassed Williams' Olympic record by 43 points with a 2,571 total.

Pace's confidence has occasionally been interpreted as conceit; with his gold medal dangling from his neck, he remarked, "I never said I was the greatest. If I win a tournament, I'm the greatest for that one only. The next tournament I enter, I won't go as Olympic champion, I'll go as Darrell Pace."

Ryon has confidence, too, thanks in part to Williams; the '72 Olympian is her coach. When he began working with her, though, he was not impressed. "Her arrows were almost turning somersaults," he says. Under Williams' guidance, Ryon's arrows straightened out, but at the start of Olympic competition her nerves were jangled and she was seventh at the end of the first day. Then she settled down, concentrating on Williams' orders to make quicker releases, and shot a world-record 2,499 points.

—Herman Weiskopf

A TEMPEST IN A RAT PACK

On Lake Ontario, where sailors from 40 countries competed in six classes, the good Lord occasionally let the devil take charge. In several races a shifty wind, often backing when it should have been heading, put many of the world's best sailors in the ruck. On the course used by Tempests, Solings and Flying Dutchmen on the most whimsical day, the wind wandered listlessly around the compass and for a half hour came from two directions at once, mixing stragglers and front-runners so thoroughly that despite a 20-minute spread in starting times, six boats of the three classes crossed the finish line within one minute.

Inasmuch as sailors can throw out the worst of their seven races, much of the damage on freakish days did not count. The honors in the end went to men with solid reputations. As if to prove that sailors thrive on misery, British and Baltic skippers, who live where summer is short and seldom balmy, took all the gold and five of the other 12 medals. The most convincing winner was Reg White, an English shipwright, who despite losing his crew off the trapeze in the fifth round, so outsailed his Tornado class rivals that he did not need to start the last race.

Because each nation is allowed only one competitor, an Olympic first is a lesser honor than a world title in any of the hot racing classes, where the competition is heavy both in quality and quantity. Thus the most distinguished performer in the 1976 Games without question was John Albrechtson, a Swedish sailmaker in his third Olympic quest. To win the Tempest class on Lake Ontario, Albrechtson had to beat the very best: Valentin Mankin of the U.S.S.R., defending Olympic champion, Uwe Mares of West Germany and Giuseppe Milone of Italy, world champions respectively in 1974 and '75—and also Dennis Conner of the U.S., who although a rookie in the class has worn a variety of sailor hats with remarkable success. Such was the intensity in the six races least afflicted by the devil that Albrechtson and his four pursuers let the rest of the field get into the

top five places only four times and they earned the nickname "Rat Pack" for the way they stayed together out front.

Midway it looked as if the U.S. might make its worst showing since 1936, when it scored zip. Only Conner and David McFaull, a Hawaiian so loose it was sometimes hard to get him to stop talking, seemed to have a chance for medals. With one race to go, McFaull had worked up to second in the Tornado class—he held on to the silver by a fingernail—while Conner lost a squeaker and had to settle for bronze. With one race left, John Kolius, an easygoing Texan temporarily up tight, stood sixth in the Soling class and needed a first to have even a ghost of a chance. He got the first (his only one of the series), and on the strength of it took the silver medal behind Poul Jensen of Denmark.

The tension of Olympic sailing got to everyone, including gold medalist Albrechtson. Halfway through his races he remarked, "I think I will come back to my fourth Olympics as a free-pistol competitor. At Munich our pistol man, Ragnar Skanaker, won on the first day. He had his gold medal and free whiskey and was being driven around in a car with chauffeur before we sailors had our opening ceremony. For sailors the Olympics are seven long days in doubt."

—COLES PHINIZY

Winner Albrechtson is now aiming for the pistol





Albrechtson's acrobatic crew hikes way out on the trapeze to keep the Tempest on its feet

CONTINUED

THE OLYMPIC MEDAL WINNERS

To the swell of lively music, thousands of dreams had marched into Olympic Stadium in Montreal. Last Sunday the music stopped, with hundreds of dreams fulfilled in gold, silver and bronze, and we salute the medalists

TRACK & FIELD
MEN

100 meters
CRAWFORD, Trinidad
QUARRIE, Jamaica
BORZOV, USSR

200 meters
QUARRIE, Jamaica
HAMPTON, USA
EVANS, USA

400-meter relay
USA
EAST GERMANY
USSR

400 meters
JUANTORENA, Cuba
NEWHOUSE USA
FRAZIER, USA

1,600-meter relay
USA
POLAND
WEST GERMANY

800 meters
JUANTORENA, Cuba
VAN DAMME, Belgium
WOHLHUTER USA

1,500 meters
WALKER, N Zealand
VAN DAMME, Belgium
WELLMANN W Germany

5,000 meters
VIREN, Finland
OUAX N Zealand
HILDEBRAND W Germany

10,000 meters
VIREN, Finland
LOPES, Portugal
FOSTER, Great Britain

Marathon
CIERPINSKI, E Germany
SHORTER, USA
LISMONT Belgium

Steeplechase
GARDERUD, Sweden
MALINOWSKI Poland
BAUMGARTL, E Ger

20-km walk
BAUTISTA, Mexico
REIMANN, E Germany
FRENKEL, E Germany

110-meter hurdles
DRUT, France
CASANAS, Cuba
DAVENPORT, USA

400-meter hurdles
MOSES, USA
SHINE, USA
GAVRILENKO, USSR

High jump
WSZOLA, Poland
JOY, Canada
STONES, USA

Long jump
ROBINSON, USA
WILLIAMS, USA
WARTENBERG, E Ger

Triple jump
SANEYEV USSR
BUTTS, USA
DE OLIVEIRA, Brazil

Pole vault
SLUSARSKI, Poland
KALLIOMAKI, Finland
ROBERTS, USA

Shotput
BEYER E Germany
MIRDNOV, USSR
BARYSHNIKOV, USSR

Discus
WILKINS, USA
SCHMIDT, E Germany
POWELL, USA

Hammer
SEDYKH, USSR
SPIRIDNOV, USSR
BONDARCHUK, USSR

Javelin
NEMETH Hungary
SITONEN, Finland
MEGELER Romania

Decathlon
JENNER, USA
KRATSCHMER, W Ger
AVILOV, USSR

WOMEN

100 meters
RICHTER, W Germany
STECHER, E Germany
HELTEN, W Germany

200 meters
ECKERT E Germany
RICHTER, W Germany
STECHER, E Germany

400-meter relay
EAST GERMANY
WEST GERMANY
USSR

400 meters
SZEWINSKA, Poland
BREHMER, E Germany
STREIDT E Germany

1,600-meter relay
EAST GERMANY
USA
USSR

800 meters
KAZANKINA, USSR
CHTEREVA, Bulgaria
ZINN E Germany

1,500 meters
KAZANKINA, USSR
HOFFMEISTER E Ger
CHTEREVA Bulgaria

100-meter hurdles
SCHALLER, E Germany
ANISIMOVA, USSR
LEBEDEVA, USSR

High jump
ACKERMANN, E Ger
SIMEONI, Italy
BLAGOYEVA, Bulgaria

Long jump
VOIGT, E Germany
McMILLAN, USA
ALFEEVA, USSR

Shotput
KHRISTOVA Bulgaria
CHIZOVA, USSR
FIBINGEROVA, Czecho

Discus
SCHLAAK E Germany
VERGOVA Bulgaria
HINZMANN E. Germany

Javelin
FUCHS E Germany
BECKER, W Germany
SCHMIDT, USA

Pentathlon
SIEGL, E Germany
LASER E Germany
POLLACK E Germany

SWIMMING
MEN

100-meter freestyle
MONTGOMERY USA
J BABASHOFF, USA
NOCKE, W Germany

200-meter freestyle
B FURNISS USA
NABER, USA
MONTGOMERY, USA

400-meter freestyle
GOODELL USA
SHAW USA
RASKATOV USSR

1,500-meter freestyle
GOODELL, USA
HACKETT, USA
HOLLAND, Australia

100-meter breaststroke
HENCKEN USA
WILKIE Great Britain
YOUZAITAS, USSR

200-meter breaststroke
WILKIE Great Britain
HENCKEN, USA
COLELLA USA

100-meter butterfly
VOGEL, USA
BOTTOM, USA
HALL, USA

200-meter butterfly
BRUNER, USA
GREGG USA
FORRESTER, USA

100-meter backstroke
NABER, USA
ROCCA, USA
MATTHES, E Germany

200-meter backstroke
NABER, USA
ROCCA USA
HARRIGAN, USA

400-meter individual medley
STRACHAN, USA
McKEE, USA
SMIRNOV, USSR

800-meter freestyle relay
USA
USSR
GREAT BRITAIN

400-meter medley relay
USA
CANADA
WEST GERMANY

WOMEN

100-meter freestyle
ENDER E Germany
PRIEMER, E Germany
BRIGITHA, Holland

200-meter freestyle
ENDER E Germany
S BABASHOFF, USA
BRIGITHA Holland

400-meter freestyle
THUMER E Germany
S BABASHOFF, USA
S SMITH, Canada

800-meter freestyle
THUMER, E Germany
S BABASHOFF, USA
WEINBERG USA

100-meter breaststroke
ANKE E Germany
RUSANOVA USSR
KOSHEVAIA, USSR

200-meter breaststroke
KOSHEVAIA USSR
YURCHENYA, USSR
RUSANOVA, USSR

100-meter butterfly
ENDER, East Germany
POLLACK East Germany
BOGLIOLI USA

200-meter butterfly
POLLACK E Germany
TAUBER E Germany
GABRIEL E Germany

100-meter backstroke
RICHTER E Germany
TREIBER E Germany
GARAPICK, Canada

200-meter backstroke
RICHTER, E Germany
TREIBER E Germany
GARAPICK, Canada

400-meter individual medley
TAUBER, E Germany
GIBSON Canada
B SMITH, Canada

400-meter freestyle relay
USA
EAST GERMANY
CANADA

400-meter medley relay
EAST GERMANY
USA
CANADA

CONTINUED



...and you've found what's unique about the new Kodak Ektasound movie cameras.

It's big news. A sound movie camera with a microphone right on the handle. It gives you freedom of movement (no microphone cord, and no worry about microphone placement).

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New Kodak Ektasound movie cameras

DIVING

MEN

Springboard
BOGGS USA
CAGNOTTO, Italy
KOSENKOV, USSR

Platform
DIBIASI Italy
LOUGANIS USA
ALEYNIK USSR

WOMEN

Springboard
CHANDLER, USA
KÖHLER E Germany
McINGVALE, USA

Platform
VAYTSEKHOVSKAIA USSR
KNAPE Sweden
WILSON USA

ARCHERY

MEN

PACE USA
MICHINAGA Japan
FERRARI Italy

WOMEN

RYON USA
KOVPAN USSR
RUSTAMOVA, USSR

BASKETBALL

MEN

USA
YUGOSLAVIA
USSR

WOMEN

USSR
USA
BULGARIA

BOXING

Light flyweight
HERNANDEZ Cuba
LI, N Korea
POOLTARAT, Thailand
MALFONADO, Puerto Rico

Flyweight
RANDOLPH, USA
DUVALON, Cuba
TOROSYAN USSR
BAZINSKI Poland

Bantamweight
GU, N Korea
MOONEY USA
COWOELL Great Britain
RYBAKOV, USSR

Featherweight
HERRERA Cuba
NOWAKOWSKI E Ger
KOSEDOWSKI, Poland
PARAJES, Mexico

Lightweight
DAVIS USA
CUTOV Romania
SOLOMIN, USSR
RUSEVSKI, Yugoslavia

Light welterweight
LEONARD USA
ALDAMA, Cuba
KOLEV Bulgaria
SZCERBA, Poland

Welterweight
BACHFELD E Germany
GAMARRO Venezuela
SKRICEK W Germany
ZILBERMAN Romania

Light middleweight
RYBICKI Poland
KACAR Yugoslavia
SAVCHENKO USSR
GARBEY Cuba

Middleweight
M SPINKS USA
RISKIEV, USSR
NASTAC, Romania
L MARTINEZ, Cuba

Light heavyweight
L SPINKS, USA
SORIA Cuba
DAFINOIU Romania
GORTAT Poland

Heavyweight
STEVENSON Cuba
SIMON Romania
TATE, USA
HILL, Bermuda

CANOEING

MEN

500-meter kayak singles
DIBA Romania
SZTANITY Hungary
HELM E Germany

1,000-meter kayak singles
HELMS E Germany
CZAPO, Hungary
DIBA Romania

500-meter kayak doubles
EAST GERMANY
USSR
ROMANIA

1,000-meter kayak doubles
USSR
EAST GERMANY
HUNGARY

1,000-meter kayak fours
USSR
SPAIN
EAST GERMANY

500-meter Canadian singles
ROGOV, USSR
WOOD, Canada
LJUBEK, Yugoslavia

1,000-meter Canadian singles
LJUBEK Yugoslavia
URCHENKO, USSR
WICHMANN Hungary

500-meter Canadian doubles
USSR
POLAND
HUNGARY

1,000-meter Canadian doubles
USSR
ROMANIA
HUNGARY

WOMEN

500-meter kayak singles
ZIRZOW E Germany
KORSHUNOVA USSR
RAJNAI Hungary

500-meter kayak doubles
USSR
HUNGARY
EAST GERMANY

CYCLING

Individual road race
JOHANSSON Sweden
MARTINELLI Italy
NOWICKI, Poland

Team time trial
USSR
POLAND
DENMARK

Match sprints
TKAC, Czechoslovakia
MORELON France
GESCHKE, E Germany

1,000-meter individual time trial
GRUNKE E Germany
VAARTEN, Belgium
FREDBORG Denmark

4,000-meter individual pursuit
BRAUN, W Germany
PONSTEEN, Holland
HUSCHKE, E Germany

4,000-mater team pursuit
WEST GERMANY
USSR
GREAT BRITAIN

EQUESTRIAN EVENTS

Three-day event individual
COFFIN, USA
PLUMB USA
SCHULTZ W Germany

Three-day event team
USA
WEST GERMANY
AUSTRALIA

Grand Prix dressage individual
STUECKELBERGER Switz
BOLDT W Germany
KLIMKE, W Germany

Grand Prix jumping individual
SCHOCKEMOEHLE, W Ger
VIALLANCOURT, Canada
MATHY, Belgium

Grand Prix jumping team
FRANCE
WEST GERMANY
BELGIUM

FENCING

MEN

Foil individual
DAL ZOTTO Italy
ROMANKOV USSR
TALVARD, France

Foil team
WEST GERMANY
ITALY
FRANCE

Epee individual
PUSCH W Germany
HEHN, W Germany
KULCSAR Hungary

Epée team
SWEDEN
WEST GERMANY
SWITZERLAND

Sabre individual
KROVOPOUSKOV USSR
NAZLYMOV USSR
SIDYAK USSR

Sabre team
USSR
ITALY
ROMANIA

WOMEN

Foil individual
SCHWARCZENBERGER, Hungary
COLLINO, Italy
BELOVA, USSR

Foil team
USSR
FRANCE
HUNGARY

FIELD HOCKEY

NEW ZEALAND
AUSTRALIA
PAKISTAN

GYMNASTICS

MEN

Individual all-around
ANDRIANOV USSR
KATO, Japan
TSUKAHARA, Japan

Individual floor exercise
ANDRIANOV USSR
MARCHENKO, USSR
KORMANN, USA

Individual pommeled horse
MAGYAR, Hungary
KEMMOTSU Japan
ANDRIANOV, USSR (tie)
NIKOLAY, E Ger (tie)

Individual rings
ANDRIANOV, USSR
DITIATIN, USSR
GRECU Romania

Individual vault
ANDRIANOV USSR
TSUKAHARA, Japan
KAJIYAMA Japan

Individual parallel bars
KATO Japan
ANDRIANOV, USSR
TSUKAHARA, Japan

Individual horizontal bar
TSUKAHARA, Japan
KEMMOTSU Japan
BOERIO, France (tie)
GIENGER W Ger (tie)

Team
JAPAN
USSR
EAST GERMANY

WOMEN

Individual all-around
COMANECI Romania
KIM USSR
TURISHCHEVA USSR

Individual floor exercise
KIM USSR
TURISHCHEVA USSR
COMANECI, Romania

Individual vault
KIM USSR
TURISHCHEVA USSR
DOMBECK E Germany

Individual uneven parallel bars
COMANECI Romania
UNGUREANU Romania
EGERVARI Hungary

Individual balance beam
COMANECI, Romania
KORBUT, USSR
UNGUREANU Romania

Team
USSR
ROMANIA
EAST GERMANY

HANDBALL

MEN

USSR
ROMANIA
POLAND

CONTINUED



Announcing the new Kodak Ektasound Moviedeck projectors.

This new sound projector is so easy to use. You can watch your movies without setting up a screen or turning down room lights. Just pull out the built-in viewing screen. It's ideal for small audiences. Of course, you can project onto a traditional screen.

Every time you show your movies, you will enjoy the easy-to-use automatic threading and automatic rewind features.

And talk about versatile! You can show both sound and silent super 8 and 8 mm silent film at the flip of a switch. An instant rerun feature lets you replay previous scenes in just seconds.

The Kodak Ektasound Moviedeck projector is so handsome, you'll want to leave it out on a bookshelf or next to your stereo equipment. There are two models. One offers sound playback. The other offers both playback and recording capabilities. Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration and you'll really appreciate the new ease in showing sound movies.

New Kodak Ektasound Moviedeck projectors.

WOMEN
USSR
EAST GERMANY
HUNGARY

JUDO

Lightweight
RODRIGUEZ, Cuba
CHANG, S Korea
TUNCSIK, Hungary
MARIANI, Italy

Light middleweight
NEVZOROV, USSR
KURAMOTO, Japan
VIAL, France
TALIJ, Poland

Middleweight
SONODA, Japan
DVOYNIKOV, USSR
OBADOV, Yugoslavia
PARK, S Korea

Light heavyweight
NINOMIYA, Japan
HARSHILADZE, USSR
STARBROOK, Great Britain
ROEHLISBERGER, Switz

Heavyweight
NOVIKOV, USSR
NEUREUTHER
W Germany
COAGE, USA
ENDO, Japan

Open category
UEMURA, Japan
REMFRY, Great Britain
CHOCHISHVILY, USSR
CHO, S Korea

MODERN PENTATHLON

Individual
PYCIAK-PECLAK, Poland
LEDNEV, USSR
BARTU, Czechoslovakia

Team
GREAT BRITAIN
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
HUNGARY

ROWING

MEN

Single sculls
KARPPINEN, Finland
KOLBE, W Germany
DREIFKE, E Germany

Double sculls
NORWAY
GREAT BRITAIN
EAST GERMANY

Quadruple sculls
EAST GERMANY
USSR
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Pairs with coxswain
EAST GERMANY
USSR
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Pairs without coxswain
EAST GERMANY
USA
WEST GERMANY

Fours with coxswain
USSR
EAST GERMANY
WEST GERMANY

Fours without coxswain
EAST GERMANY
NORWAY
USSR

Eights with coxswain
EAST GERMANY
GREAT BRITAIN
NEW ZEALAND

WOMEN

Single sculls
SCHEIBLICH, E. Germany
LIND, USA
ANTONOVA, USSR

Double sculls
BULGARIA
EAST GERMANY
USSR

Quadruple sculls
EAST GERMANY
USSR
ROMANIA

Pairs without coxswain
BULGARIA
EAST GERMANY
WEST GERMANY

Fours with coxswain
EAST GERMANY
BULGARIA
USSR

Eights with coxswain
EAST GERMANY
USSR
USA

SHOOTING

Small-bore rifle prone
SMIESZEK, W. Germany
LIND W Germany
LUSHCHIKOV, USSR

Small-bore rifle three positions
BASSHAM, USA
MURDOCK, USA
SIEBOLD, W Germany

Rapid-fire pistol
KLAAR, E. Germany
WIEFEL, E. Germany
FERRARIS, Italy

Free pistol
POTTECK, E Germany
VOLLMAR, E. Germany
DOLLINGER, Austria

Moving target
GAZOV, USSR
KEDYAROV, USSR
GRESZKIEWICZ, Poland

Trapshooting
HALDEMAN, USA
SILVA-MARQUES Portugal
BALDI, Italy

Skeetshooting
PANACEK,
Czechoslovakia
SWINKLES, Holland
GAWLIKOWSKI, Poland

SOCCER

EAST GERMANY
POLAND
USSR

VOLLEYBALL

MEN
POLAND
USSR
CUBA

WOMEN
JAPAN
USSR
SOUTH KOREA

WATER POLO

HUNGARY
ITALY
NETHERLANDS

WEIGHT LIFTING

Flyweight
VORONIN, USSR
KOSZEGI, Hungary
NASSIRI, Iran

Bantamweight
NOURIKIAN, Bulgaria
CZIURA, Poland
ANDO, Japan

Featherweight
KOLESNIKOV, USSR
G. TODOROV, Bulgaria
HIRAI, Japan

Lightweight
KACZMAREK, Poland
KOROL, USSR
SENET, France

Middleweight
MITKOV Bulgaria
MILITOSIAN, USSR
WENZEL, E. Germany

Light heavyweight
SHARY, USSR
BLAGOEV, Bulgaria
STOYCHEV, Bulgaria

Middle heavyweight
RIGERT, USSR
JAMES, USA
SHOPOV, Bulgaria

Heavyweight
CHRISTOV, Bulgaria
ZAITSEV, USSR
SEMERDJIEV, Bulgaria

Superheavyweight
ALEXEYEV USSR
BONK E Germany
LOSCH E Germany

WRESTLING

Freestyle paperweight
ISSAEV, Bulgaria
DIMITRIEV, USSR
KUDO, Japan

Flyweight
TAKADA, Japan
IVANOV USSR
JEON, S Korea

Bantamweight
YUMIN, USSR
BRUCHERT, E Germany
ARAI, Japan

Featherweight
YANG, S Korea
ZVEGIJN, Mongolia
DAVIS, USA

Lightweight
PINIGIN, USSR
KEASER USA
SUGAWARA, Japan

Welterweight
DATE, Japan
BARZEGAR, Iran
DZIEDZIC, USA

Middleweight
J PETERSON, USA
NOVOJILOV, USSR
SEGER, W Germany

Light heavyweight
TEDIASHVILY, USSR
B PETERSON, USA
MORCOV, Romania

Heavyweight
YARYGIN USSR
HELLICKSON, USA
KOSTOV, Bulgaria

Superheavyweight
ANDIEV, USSR
BALLA, Hungary
SIMON, Romania

Greco-Roman style paperweight
SHUMAKOV, USSR
BERCEANU, Romania
ANGHELOV, Bulgaria

Flyweight
KONSTANTINOV, USSR
JINGA, Romania
HIRAYAMA, Japan

Bantamweight
UKKOLA, Finland
FRGIC, Yugoslavia
MUSTAFIN, USSR

Featherweight
K LIPIEN, Poland
DAVIDIAN, USSR
RECZI, Hungary

Lightweight
NALBANDYAN, USSR
RUSU, Romania
WEHLING, E Germany

Welterweight
BYKOV, USSR
MACHA, Czechoslovakia
HELBING, W Germany

Middleweight
PETKOVIC, Yugoslavia
CHEBOKSAROV, USSR
KOLEV, Bulgaria

Light heavyweight
REZANTSEV, USSR
IVANOV, Bulgaria
KWIECINSKI, Poland

Heavyweight
BALBOSHIN, USSR
GORANOV Bulgaria
SKRZYLEWSKI Poland

Superheavyweight
KOLCHINSKY, USSR
TOMOV, Bulgaria
CODREANU, Romania

YACHTING

Soling
Denmark (JENSEN)
USA (KOLIUS)
E. Germany (BELOW)

Tempest
Sweden (ALBRECHTSON)
USSR (MANKIN)
USA (CONNOR)

Flying Dutchman
W Germany (DIESCH)
Great Britain (PATTISSON)
Brazil (CONRAD)

470
W. Germany (HUEBNER)
Spain (GOROSTEGUI)
Australia (BROWN)

Tornado
Great Britain (WHITE)
USA (McFAULL)
W Germany (SPENGLER)

Finn
SHUMANN, E Germany
BALASHOV, USSR
BERTRAND, Australia

3 reasons getting more gas can't wait any longer.

1. Natural gas provides half the energy for America's industry.

That's nearly double what any other fuel supplies. Natural gas is far more important than coal, oil, and electricity in the amount of energy it supplies to all of American industry. Millions of jobs depend on gas. Maybe yours. The natural gas shortage is a threat to our whole economy. It must and indeed it can be solved.



2. Forty million families keep warm with natural gas.



Natural gas heats over half the homes in this country. That's another reason it's vital to solve the critical gas shortage. Studies show the natural gas is there. Under the Arctic ice. Under the ocean floor. Locked in the tight rock formations of the vast Rocky Mountains. Difficult to get, it's true, but there to be gotten.

3. Our country has no alternative energy she can turn to.

No other energy is available in large enough quantities to do all of the jobs that natural gas does. The natural gas industry is ready to invest billions of dollars and take the steps necessary to get the gas that is needed. But much of this work waits on the tough energy decisions America must make. And soon.







Spokesman for the U.S. Olympic team.

Motorola Handie-Talkie 2-way radios are used by coaches, trainers, managers and athletes on the U.S. Olympic team. We also provide Motorola pagers and communications experts to make certain that our team has the best possible communications support.

MOTOROLA
Communications and Electronics Inc

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

COMMERCIALIZING THE GAMES

As soon as the Olympics were over, I tried to recall exactly what I had seen on ABC's two weeks of telecasts. Despite voluminous notes taken while watching virtually every one of the network's 79½ hours of coverage, it was not an easy task. Was that because there had been too much for the viewer to enjoy and remember? Probably not. Could it have been that the telecasts were disjointed, that they were too full of images that drew attention away from the Olympic participants? Probably so, because many of the pictures that first came to mind, on reflection, were the wrong ones.

There was that fellow who kept throwing a 16-pound shot into the back of a pickup truck. There was the Old North Church getting painted for the 40th—or was it the 400th?—time. There was Nadia Comaneci pirouetting on the balance beam. (But where were her Romanian silver medal teammates? You got the impression they had been eaten by the Big Bad Wolf.) There were those men who ran and rowed while eating yogurt. There were spectacular overhead shots of pole vaulting and platform diving. There was Dick Fosbury ordering extra ketchup and no pickle, then biting into an upside-down hamburger. There were interesting profiles of Sprinter Valery Borzov and Gymnast Nikolai Andrianov of the Soviet Union and Weightlifter Valentin Christov of Bulgaria. But the personality who came through strongest was Mr. Ripov of Madison Avenue.

It is doubtful that any other major sporting broadcast has been so flawed by commercials. And you'd better get used to it, Olympic fans, because the problem is likely to get worse. The cost of buying the TV rights to the Games has escalated incredibly. In 1968, the summer Olympics cost ABC $4.5 million, the fee for the Montreal Games was $25 million. It would shock hardly anyone in television if the Soviets got $50 million for the 1980 summer Olympics. For openers they have already mentioned $100 million.

There were times during the shows from Montreal when the commercials became so frequent and so repetitious that I stopped watching and listening. Many of the ads, for which ABC collected $72,000 per minute, were produced specifically for the Olympic telecasts, and as a result, a lot of them looked alike.

The network that wins the bidding for the Moscow Games should concentrate on finding a way to cut down the number of commercials. Perhaps the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which aired an astounding 350 hours of Olympic programs in two languages, already may have pointed the way. It had a small number of sponsors who paid high prices for the prestige of being part of the Olympics. Admittedly, the CBC had a huge advantage over ABC. It receives a large government subsidy, and consequently it did not need nearly as many advertising dollars to underwrite its Olympic coverage as the U.S. network did.



AN OLYMPIC RECORD: 116 HOURS AS ANCHORMAN BY JIM McKAY

Other things jarred: the rock concerts, the mural painting, the interviews with non-Olympians. They should be eliminated. Instead, telecasts should emphasize more complete coverage of the featured events and make occasional trips to those venues such as fencing and soccer that rarely are shown.

Between the commercials and non-sporting irritations, ABC managed to come up with some decent camera coverage. And as they were during this year's Innsbruck Games, the network's filmed visits with participants from all over the globe were first-rate.

When it came to the announcers, Roone Arledge, the head of ABC Sports, apparently went out with a giant net and gathered up every "expert" commentator he could find. The all-star system failed here, as it often does on sports broadcasts, because good athletes generally are people with great physical gifts who perform instinctively. Few ever truly examine the fine points of their games. When put on the air, they often pull punches, root hysterically or babble. In Montreal, Mark Spitz won seven gold medals for babbling, challenged only by the syrupy man on the marathon, Erich Segal. A few experts did help the Olympic coverage: Ken Sitzberger in diving, Bill Steinkraus in equestrian events, Bob Seagren in the pole vault, Marty Liquori in distance running. O. J. Simpson did a fair job on the sprints although, of all people, he still cannot differentiate between the present and past tenses of the word "run."

The TV endurance record of the year goes to Jim McKay, who served as anchorman for both the winter and summer Games. McKay was on the job for 116 hours, almost as much anchor time as Walter Cronkite, John Chancellor, David Brinkley, Howard K. Smith and Harry Reasoner combined will put in at the Democratic and Republican conventions. That is an Olympian performance.

An even more astounding Olympic accomplishment, the winning of five gold medals by U.S. boxers on the last night of the Games, provided the best example of ABC at its worst. Almost none of the action from the final bouts of Olympic champs Leo Randolph and Howard Davis and silver medalist Charles Mooney was shown. Instead, between salvos of commercials, ABC gave us such things as an interview with singer Mick Jagger and a visit to Montreal's Chinatown, during which much was made of the startling fact that Chinese can learn to speak French.

The political problems surrounding the '76 Olympics will cause them to be remembered not only for what they were, but also for what they might have been. The overabundance of commercials left me feeling virtually the same way about the telecasts. END

Some extra ABs for DHs?

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE HAS LOGIC ON ITS SIDE IN PROPOSING DESIGNATED HITTERS FOR THE WORLD SERIES. BUT IT MAY NOT HAVE THE BEST BATTERS FOR THE JOB

It is early August, and baseball has a problem. The divisional races seem all but wrapped up, and there are no more All-Star Games, Memorable Moments or big trades to anticipate. What the sport needs now to stir up its fans is a good debate.

Conveniently enough, one may begin next week. At baseball's summer meetings in Phoenix, American League officials will propose that their designated hitter rule be used for this year's World Series. Adopted as a three-year experiment in 1973, the DH has worked so well, the AL executives will argue, that at the end of last season it was given permanent approval and inserted into the rulebook as an option available to both leagues. The National League, which does not use the DH, will oppose it just as vigorously. That will leave the decision on the overburdened desk of Commissioner Bowie Kuhn.

Kuhn is mum on the subject, but American Leaguers confidently predict that he will approve the DH—at least for the two or three midweek Series games to be played in the park of the American League champion. "I don't see what else he can do," says AL president Lee MacPhail. "It's used in the American League, the minors, the colleges—just about everywhere but the National League."

If the DH is approved for the Series, it should become a subject for debate right through the playoffs, mainly because the rule may benefit its opponents rather than its proponents.

It has been an irony of the last three Series that the absence of the DH has helped the American League more than the National. Pitcher Ken Holtzman, then of Oakland, was kept from hitting during the 1973 and 1974 seasons by the DH rule. Holtzman came to bat in the Series both those years and contributed dramatically to two of his own victories. He had a .571 average with a homer, three doubles and four runs scored. Last fall another pitcher, Luis Tiant of Boston, singled and scored the game-winning run in the Series opener.

Conversely, the presence of the DH could help the National League more than the American in the 1976 Series. If Cincinnati represents the NL, Manager Sparky Anderson could turn to such tested hitters as Dan Driessen (.296) or Bob Bailey (.281), who otherwise would probably be riding the bench. If Philadelphia is the National League representative, Danny Ozark would have even more options. He could use Bobby Tolan (.255) or Jay Johnstone (.318), both of whom have hit well as part-time players. Or Ozark could bring Greg Luzinski (.309) in from left field, where he is weak defensively, or give First Baseman Dick Allen (.289) some rest for his weary knees.

Statistically, either National League club would match up well with the current American League first-place teams—except when Kansas City has Hal McRae (.349) as its DH. The Royals' other designated hitter is Jamie Quirk (.259), and New York uses Carlos May (.251), Lou Piniella (.263) and, rarely, Thurman Munson (.325).

On the other hand, American League DHs will be more accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of the job. "My fear is that our players won't be able to adjust to being DHs," says Ozark. "It's a lot easier to come to bat when you've been in the field, been involved in the game situation. If you're the DH you have to

continued



ONLY McRAE (.348) OF K.C. WOULD HAVE A CLEAR EDGE ON NATIONAL LEAGUE DHs

"Before I found Vat 69 Gold, I thought I'd never perfect my serve."



"Actually, my game was respectable enough. The problem was, nobody had any respect for what I served afterward. But it was the best I could afford on my budget. Then I found Vat 69 Gold. It had that impressive Vat Gold label on the outside. What was inside was even more impressive. And the price tag! At last, a premium Scotch whisky I could afford. What a relief! Now everybody admires my serve, both on the court and off."



Vat 69 Gold. The upwardly mobile Scotch.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof Sole U.S. Importer National Distillers Products Co., New York.

know when to start getting prepared for your time at bat. I talked to Henry Aaron, and he said that it takes him 12 or 13 minutes to get ready, but that each hitter is different. I might wind up using Ollie Brown. At least he's used to pinch-hitting."

The DH would present another sticky problem for a National League manager: when would be the right time to remove his pitcher during a close game? The traditional moment is when a pitcher's turn at bat comes late in the game. If a pitcher does not bat, Anderson or Ozark will face a tough and unfamiliar decision. All in all, then, because of the National League's inexperience, the use of designated hitters would probably work to the American League team's advantage. And since Kansas City or New York would seem to be the underdog against either Philadelphia or Cincinnati, the DH might produce a closer Series.

THE WEEK

(July 25-31)

by LARRY KEITH

AL WEST Everybody is picking on Oakland. "Every time Chuck Tanner opens his mouth he says the A's have won the pennant," Kansas City Outfielder Amos Otis said. "Doesn't he know they are nine games behind? The A's have been dead ever since Reggie Jackson left." Oakland's answer was a 9–2 victory over the Royals in a 3–3 week and some harsh words in return. "Those statements will come back to haunt Otis," Tanner said. "Maybe when the going gets tough he'll quit like he does every year."

Chicago followed the Royals into Oakland, lost two of three, but also left unimpressed. "All they can do is run," said White Sox Manager Paul Richards. "They're not a good hitting team." The A's did not get any hits at all during a 2–1 loss as John Odom and Francisco Barrios combined to pitch a sloppy no-hitter in which they allowed 11 walks.

For all their criticism, neither Kansas City (3–3) nor Chicago (2–5) was exactly burning up the league. Another big talker from the Royals, Pitcher Al Fitzmorris, outdueled Nolan Ryan of California 4–0, then said, "I'm really proud of the fact that I'm as good a pitcher as he is, maybe better. You look at a guy like him and you think he's a little foolish. He always makes the same mistakes. He fools around and gets behind, then has to come in with his fastball. Everybody knows it and can wait for it." Fitzmorris promptly was bombed in his next start by Texas, while Ryan was shutting out the White Sox on three hits. California (4–2) got more good pitching from Frank Tanana, who beat the Royals 2–1 on four hits, and Dick Drago, who won twice in relief.

Red hot Minnesota (6–2) ran off its second five-game winning streak in two weeks and moved above .500 for the first time since June 13 by edging Oakland 6–5 on Dan Ford's two-run homer. The Twins took over third place, passing Texas (2–5), which had lost 10 of 12. Bert Blyleven got the only Ranger wins, beating the Twins 3–0 and Kansas City 4–2.

KC 21–39 OAK 53–49 MINN 51–50
TEX 46–52 CHI 45–56 CAL 45–55

AL EAST It was not a good week for New York (2–5), but even after three straight losses to Baltimore, Manager Billy Martin was not worried. Secure with his double-digit lead, Martin bragged, "A plane wreck or a bus blowup is the only way we could lose to the Orioles."

That's probably true, since Baltimore (5–2) is much closer to sixth place than to first. All the Orioles' wins came in succession. Ross Grimsley pitched two of them, and Jim Palmer and Rudy May had impressive complete-game victories. While Grimsley claimed, "My best years are ahead of me," Palmer was saying his time has come. "I guess it sounds immodest to say you're pitching like you're supposed to," he said immodestly, "but I am." May was not doing badly, either. His 1–0 six-hitter was his second shutout of Detroit this season.

The loser in that game was Mark Fidrych, who was done in by an unearned run. It was only his third defeat of the year, and the Tigers have failed to score in all of them. Detroit (5–3) was on the happy side of a 1–0 score when Dave Roberts evened his record at 10–10 by five-hitting Milwaukee. The Brewers' (3–4) best effort was Bill Travers' three-hit, 3–1 win over Baltimore.

Indian Manager Frank Robinson has a fresh idea. Cleveland (4–6) leads the majors in relief appearances, and Robinson thinks the Indians might lose that dubious honor if he began starting his relievers. "I wouldn't be averse to turning the whole thing around," he says. "Let the bullpen become the starters. But the fans wouldn't let me do it. They'd be calling for a white jacket for me. Otherwise I'd prefer to do something when things continue to go wrong, even if it is unorthodox." One thing that went right was Dennis Eckersley's 7–2 victory over Milwaukee in which he went the distance and struck out 12.

Although it was a little late to mean anything, fifth-place Boston (4–4) swept a doubleheader from New York, 4–2 and 6–4. The same day *The Boston Globe* editorialized that the Red Sox are "without pride." All of them, that is, except Ferguson Jenkins, who won twice and served champagne after beating the Indians for his 200th career victory.

NY 51–38 BALT 51–49 CLEV 49–50
DET 48–51 BOS 46–54 MIL 43–54

NL EAST New York's hitters and fielders took the week off, leaving the pitchers to do all the work. As a result, the Mets lost five of seven games, allowing only 14 runs but scoring three fewer. "You can't expect our pitchers to strike everybody out," said Joe Torre. But it certainly would help.

Ed Kranepool, who admits he is not an outfielder, gave Montreal a hand in defeating Jerry Koosman 2–1 in the ninth by misplaying a possible out into a ground-rule double. Mickey Lolich also lost 2–1 when the Met infield turned a nice double play in the 10th inning of a 1–1 game with Pittsburgh—while the winning run was scoring from third. Jon Matlack's turn to lose 2–1 came when Bruce Boisclair helped the Phillies to their runs by letting a playable ball fall untouched in short center. But perhaps the most frustrating experience was Tom Seaver's. After shutting out the Pirates for 10 innings, he sat down for a pinch hitter, then watched Reliever Ken Sanders give up a game-winning homer to Richie Hebner in the 13th.

Pittsburgh (4–2) gained another overtime victory when Manny Sanguillen's bases-loaded single in the 13th beat the Expos 4–3.

Montreal (5–2) got revenge the next day 7–6, thanks to five Pirate errors. Reliever Dale Murray earned the victory with his fourth shutout appearance of the week. Earlier he had pitched flawlessly in the second game of Montreal's first doubleheader victory of the year, a 2–1 and 3–1 sweep of the Cubs.

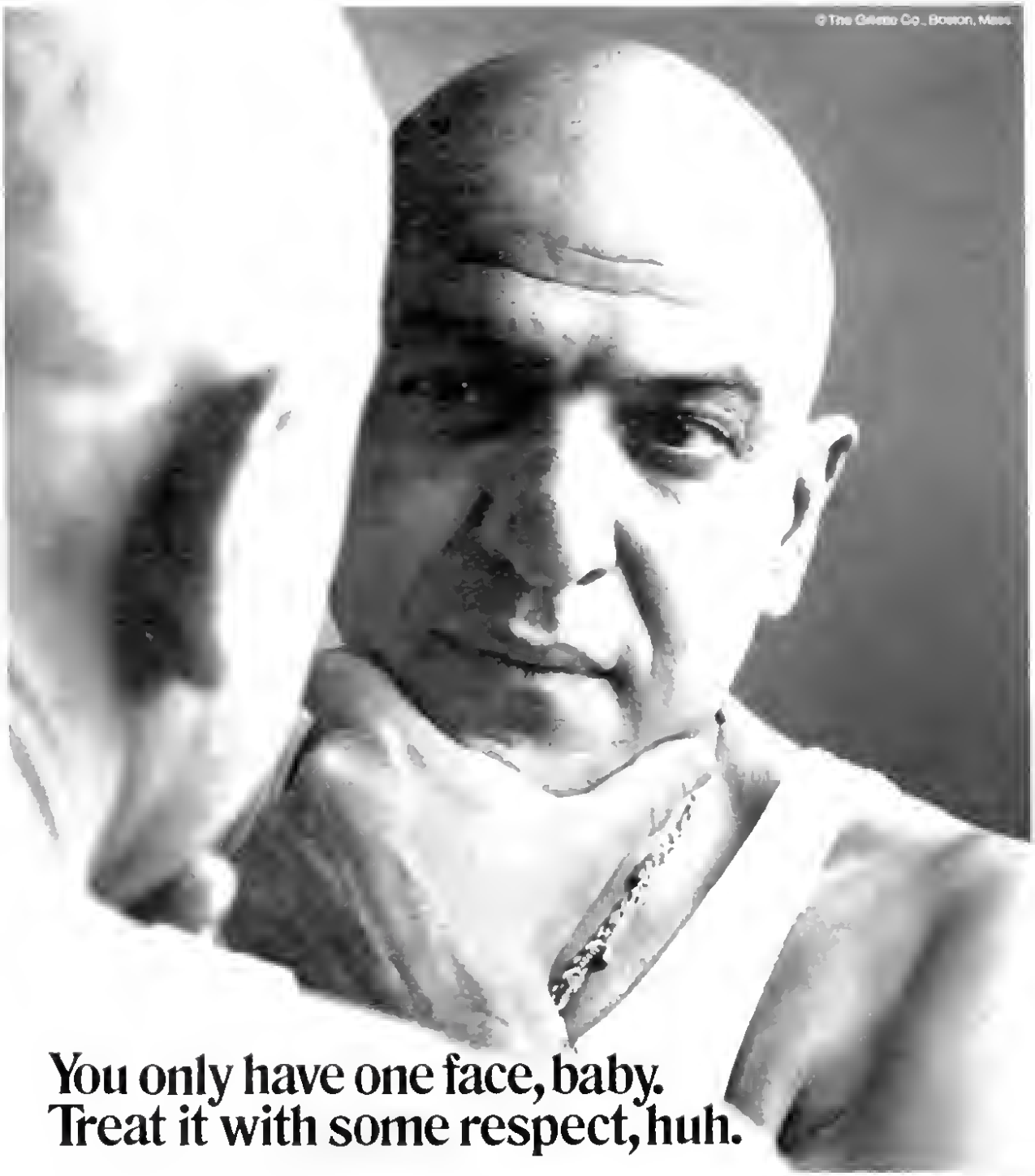
Nevertheless, Chicago (4–4) was able to move within a game of St. Louis (1–4) by beating the Cardinals 7–6 and 6–2. To pick up his team's sagging fortunes, Cardinal President August A. Busch Jr. made a rare appearance in the locker room to meet with the players. The Cards said they were impressed—but they still lost three straight after their brush with Busch.

Ollie Brown's grand slam in a 13–7 win over Pittsburgh and Tim McCarver's run scoring single in a 3–2 victory against Chicago led Philadelphia to four wins in seven games. Dick Allen went on the disabled list with a bad shoulder after being AWOL for three days.

PHIL 47–32 PITT 56–44 NY 52–52
ST. L 42–56 CHI 43–58 MONT 34–61

NL WEST One of the season's biggest mysteries is the success that San Francisco (4–2) has enjoyed against Cincinnati and Los Angeles. Last week the Giants won four of five against

continued



You only have one face, baby. Treat it with some respect, huh.

Start shaving with Gillette Twinjector® Blades. Twin injector blades that give you a close, safe, and comfortable shave. Thanks to the smoothest coating ever invented for blades—Du Pont Vydax®.

The Gillette Twinjector Shave. Beautiful, baby.



Twin blades that fit your injector razor

Who are the rookies to watch this year?



Find out in
Sports Illustrated
College Preview (on sale Sept 1)
& Pro Preview (on sale Sept 8)

On newsstands everywhere

the division's top two teams and ran their season record against the Reds and Dodgers to 13–6. Against the rest of the league San Francisco is 33–52.

It seems every Giant is at his best when the opponent is Cincy or L.A. Revitalized Darrell Evans hit a home run and two singles in a 9–4 victory over the Reds, and John D'Acquisto followed that with a five-hit shutout. Against the Dodgers, Randy Moffitt saved a 5–3 victory with five innings of scoreless relief, and Bobby Murcer homered in the four-run first inning of a 6–3 triumph. That was all the support John (The Count) Montefusco needed for his 10th victory against nine losses.

Otherwise, Cincinnati (6–2) did well as Fred Norman and Gary Nolan both won twice and Pete Rose led off successive games with homers. Johnny Bench missed three games, but had eight hits in only 19 at bats. Ed Armbrister came off the bench to crack two homers and two singles, score three times and drive in two runs during a 12–1 stomping of the Padres.

Just about everybody was beating San Diego (1–7), which has lost 19 of its last 26 games. Reliable Randy Jones got the week's only win by a 2–1 score over Houston and now has 18 victories.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

FRED NORMAN: The Cincinnati lefthander increased his won-lost record to 10–2 and decreased his earned run average to 2.27, best among National League starters, by beating San Francisco 9–3 and San Diego 12–1.

Beating the Astros is no small feat these days. Houston (5–2) swept its fifth doubleheader of the year, 2–1 and 9–6 over Atlanta, as Jose Cruz rapped five hits and scored five runs. The two victories gave the Astros their most successful July ever with a 20–11 record.

Atlanta (2–4) helped some other people to reach milestones. The Reds' Nolan picked up his 100th career victory against the Braves, and the Dodgers' Don Sutton got his 2,000th career strikeout and his fourth straight win in a 6–2 decision over Atlanta. Phil Niekro finally turned things around for the Braves, driving in four runs and pitching a 7–2 victory over the Dodgers. Then Andy Messersmith, who "felt stronger and threw better than I have in a long time," defeated Houston 3–2.

Sutton was not the only pitcher for Los Angeles (2–3) to perform superbly. Doug Rau allowed only six hits in shutting out the struggling Padres 1–0.

CIN 66–38 LA 55–46 HOUS 54–52
SD 49–56 ATL 46–56 SF 46–58

Smoking.
What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments.

And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be frank. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy. But it may well be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you will enjoy smoking.

Vantage. It's the only cigarette that gives you so much taste with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

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BOOMINGEST SOONER



OF 'EM ALL

Barry Switzer, who was raised under a tar-paper roof in a swamp bottom, says he just likes to coach country boys out to have a yahooing good time playing Oklahoma football

BY RAY KENNEDY



CONTINUED

Three years after Oklahoma was put on probation for recruiting violations, having endured forfeits, bowl bans, TV blackouts and poll disqualifications, the Sooners of Coach Barry Switzer will be making their official NCAA-approved debut this season.

Switzer is not exactly a mystery man—there is no ignoring a 32–1–1 record, three Big Eight championships, two national championships and 28 consecutive victories. Still, the 38-year-old Switzer has been operating in a kind of splendid anonymity. At a time when the reigns of established leaders like Joe Paterno, Darrell Royal and Bear Bryant are in their second, third and fourth decades respectively, could Switzer be the forerunner of a new breed of campus monarchs? What kind of dynasty is he fashioning out there on the plains of Norman?

And so it was that Switzer was searched out, found at the Oklahoma alumni dance following the spring game. A big man surrounded by several big men, he turned slowly when a visitor tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Hi, how ya doin'?"

Boomer Sooner! Just like that, in one stunning instant it was overwhelmingly clear what Switzer and his Sooners are all about. It had nothing to do with the firm handshake. Nor the broad smile. What revealed all was the fact that Barry Switzer, molder of men, guardian of the grand tradition and the once and future king of the sport, was wearing black horn-rim glasses affixed to a grotesque rubber nose the size of a cucumber!

It was a setup, a joke-shop fakeout as beautifully timed and executed as the Oklahoma wishbone at its triple-option best. And in the explosion of laughter that followed, it remained for Larry Lacewell, Switzer's boyhood friend, chief assistant and irrepressible alter ego, to lend meaning to the mayhem. "Hey," Lacewell cried, brandishing his drink like an Olympic torchbearer, "it's like I always say. We try to make college football fun but it's hard because 80,000 people keep interfering every Saturday."

Fun? Yes. The distinguishing trait of the Switzer Sooners, the mystic something that marks their style and motivates their success, is that they really are, as they keep insisting, just a bunch of country boys having a yahooing good time playing a game they "flat out love."

Make no mistake: Barry Switzer is a hard-driving man. He preaches winning with a fervor that would shame Billy Sunday. He hustles 18 hours a day, burns up the recruiting trails, rouses the rabble at halftime and all the rest. But somewhere along the way Switzer forgot to lose his perspective, he failed to learn that big-time college football is no laughing matter. He says heretical things such as, "Whoever invented this game didn't mean for it to get this big." In sum, the man can't see beyond the end of his rubber nose.

Of course, winning makes grinning easier. And that down-home charm might sour a bit if, say, Oklahoma lost the Texas game, a war of the worlds in its own right. But instant surliness is not likely; in fact, there is every evidence that the Switzer Sooners win *because* they grin. The players' skits, the gag gifts, practical jokes and general funning around are part of the game plan. Some of it is undeniably sophomoric—which figures, since some of the Sooners are undeniably sophomores. And after all, who primarily is supposed to be enjoying and benefiting from playing college football?

If winning makes for fun city, what does losing bode? Switzer has an inkling. The grumbling was bad enough in 1970 when Switzer, serving as the offensive coordinator under Coach Chuck Fairbanks, introduced the wishbone and nursed it through a 7–4 season. But harder to take was the round of boos on the few occasions when Oklahoma failed to win by its customary four or five touchdowns.

As for this season, Switzer says, "We'll fall off some." Three of OU's 10 departed starters—Defensive Tackle Leroy Selmon, Halfback Joe Washington and Receiver Billy Brooks—were chosen first, fourth and 11th in the NFL draft. "No college has ever had three players go that high," says Switzer. "That shows you the caliber of talent we lost. But heck, in college football you live from year to year. It's a continual thing, a cycle that runs. We've been on Mt. Everest for a while and now. . . .

"But don't get me wrong. We *will* win. We're going to play well because of who we are. There are too many ghosts around not to be motivated. Lots of places, 8–3 or 7–4 ain't too bad."

Even so, beware Sooner doomers. Switzer has made a profession out of reversing dim prospects. His darkest moment, of course, came when his team was put on probation less than three months after he succeeded Fairbanks, who had re-

continued

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The Selmon brothers are gone but Switzer has faith in Oklahoma's ghosts.

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signed to coach the New England Patriots. The probation stemmed from the charge that during Fairbanks' tenure an OU assistant coach knowingly accepted an altered high school transcript for Quarterback Kerry Jackson.

Soon after the probation was announced, Switzer addressed a Tulsa alumni group, his eyes welling with tears. "I'm a fighter! I'm a competitor! I'm a winner!" he said. "And nothing is going to stop us!" Then, easing off with the kind of disarming turn that became the mark of the man, he ended by saying, "I'd better go now. I'm double-parked and I may get another year for that."

Subsequently, Switzer often opened his speeches by saying that he had just received a telegram from President Nixon thanking him for taking the heat off Watergate. If the gag lines got better, his luck most decidedly did not. Beginning with the death of his father, who was killed in an auto accident shortly before Switzer was appointed head coach, misfortune piled on top of mishap. Two of his children developed serious eye defects. His new car, fishing tackle and golf clubs were stolen. His cat was run over. And at one point the bulk of his defensive line was in the hospital.

But there was no looking back, it was autumn and inspirational speech time. "I've been to 11 bowl games in 13 seasons," Switzer told his team. "I've been around a lot of success, a lot of great players. Bowl games and playing on TV are fine incentives. But I'll tell you what, people—the greatest reward in football is winning. That's the most important goal. That's why they have scoreboards. When they put us on probation, they made one mistake. They didn't tell us we couldn't win the Big Eight championship. And nobody said we couldn't win the national championship. Men, that is our challenge."

That first year, the young, unsure Sooner team that was picked to finish no better than fourth in the conference won the Big Eight title and ended up No. 2 in the nation. And then, prodded, cajoled and entertained by Switzer, it won back-to-back national championships. Of those seasons Switzer says, "Walt Disney couldn't have written a better script."

As it was, Barry Lane Switzer starred in his own version of *Song of the South*. He started at the bottom, the swamp bottom of the Ouachita River in Crossett, Ark. "It's a little town, a sawmill, paper-mill town," he says, "and we had acreage out in the country." He was raised in a shotgun house, so-called, he says, because "you could shoot a blast through one end and out the other without hitting a thing."

Larry Lacewell, who has turned down several head coaching offers to stay with his "runnin' buddy," grew up in Fordyce, just a hoot and a holler up the road from Crossett. He says, "Hey, I thought I was poor till I visited Barry. His house was one of those antebellum jobs up on stilts. You know, the kind with a tar-paper roof and chickens and dogs and hogs underneath."

Switzer says, "We didn't have a telephone till I was in college. I went through junior high studying under coal-oil lamps and listening to battery radios because we didn't have electricity. We had the old privy out back, the three-holer with the Sears, Roebuck catalog and the lime sacks in the corner. At night I used to take my grandmother and mother to the privy carrying a coal-oil lamp and a .22 pistol to shoot the copperheads. My granddaddy planted tomatoes behind that very same privy, and I'll tell you something else—they were the best darned tomatoes in the county."

Switzer churned butter, pumped water for the milk cow and showered under the eaves when a good summer rainstorm blew in. In the winter, he remembers, "Many a morning I'd go out on the back porch, take a gourd we had hanging on the wall and break the ice on the water bucket. We had to take the water into the kitchen and heat it for shaving." Forever missing the "yellow dog school bus," Switzer would hop on passing pulpwood trucks and ride a cord of wood to town. That was about as adventuresome as a Crossett boy's life got, that and an occasional stab at mumblety-peg and stealing watermelons. "There wasn't much to do," Switzer says. "We didn't have many organized sports. There were no tennis courts or golf courses or anything like that. Usually I just went down to the pool hall and played moon, dominoes or snooker."

The action picked up when he entered high school and played football, swam freestyle and put the shot. "My best toss, 53' 4", was the local record for seven years until my brother Donnie broke it—but just barely," says Switzer. "Then Karl Salb, the three-time NCAA champ, came along. Shoot, he threw that dang thing 69' 6" "

"First time I met Barry was at a state swim meet at the YMCA in Pine Bluff," says Lacewell. "He was a man of the world—been to Little Rock once. He was also bigger than anybody and so when he said he wanted to play cards, we played. Took me and my buddy, Billy Ray Greenwood, for everything we had—$2.50. Next day, me and Billy Ray were out hitchhiking when here comes Switzer whooshing by in this big ol' Greyhound, giving us a wave out the window. Right then I knew nobody'd ever beat out ol' Barry."

Switzer was not accustomed to traveling first class. His father ran a fishing camp off and on and was known to haul in a fair share of contraband whiskey from across the Louisiana border. Since bass fishing and bootlegging were not deemed the most noble of enterprises in Crossett society, Barry spent most of his teen-age years huddling in the backseats of cars while friends picked up his dates.

When he was not working on bull gangs at the paper mill in the summer, Switzer's social outings consisted of "hopping in a pickup truck and taking in a Durango Kid movie or stopping by the café at the bus station, where I'd buy a cup of coffee and a piece of pecan pie for 15¢ and listen to Hank Snow sing *I'm Movin' On* on the juke." Saturdays were special. "That's when we'd break out the old battery radio and listen to *Grand Ole Opry*, brought to you by Ad-my-ray-shun Coffee," Switzer says. "But the best time was in the fall when a bunch of us would get together and listen to the college football games. We lived in a dream world of Johnny Lujack and Kyle Rote and Doc Blanchard. Now instead of hearing about Doak Walkers, I'm coaching 'em! It's almost unreal."

The state Lineman of the Year, Switzer was offered a scholarship to Arkansas. He says, "A family friend also got me an appointment to Annapolis, but that just flat scared me to death. So I packed some jeans and socks in a card-

board Early Times box, tied it with twine from the Mercantile Store, put on my Crossett ball jacket and went to the University of Arkansas, not knowing what to expect. I remember they gave me a locker and said, 'This is for your books.' So I locked those books up tight and didn't touch 'em until somebody told me different." Eventually, Switzer not only made the dean's list in business administration but, playing center and linebacker, captained the 1959 team to a share of the Southwest Conference title and a victory in the Gator Bowl.

"I was just about the only player that ever went from Crossett to Arkansas and lettered," says Switzer. "The town thought I was a pretty good guy and had an appreciation day. They had a catfish fry and a Rotary luncheon and gave me $1,000. That was a lot of money in 1960. I remember somebody saying it was the biggest thing that'd happened in Crossett since they sent a fellow to the state pen for 27 years. I think they caught him stealing hogs.

"But the thing I remember about that time was me and my daddy getting up one morning at 5 a.m. and driving my brother Donnie to Montrose with *his* Early Times suitcase and putting him on the train for Hanover, New Hampshire. Donnie's the smart one. He graduated from Dartmouth on a scholastic scholarship and went through Vanderbilt Law School. Now he's vice-president and legal counsel for General American Life Insurance in Houston."

In 1961, nearing the end of a one-year hitch in the Army, Switzer was offered a job by Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles. "I hadn't been considering coaching," says Switzer, "but I thought, what the heck, I was single, I could live in the dorm. It wouldn't cost much. It might be fun."

It was, and revealing too. "Within six months I was swept up in coaching," Switzer says. "And later, when I visited around the country, went to clinics and met with other staffs, all of a sudden my eyes opened and I said, 'Heck, I know more than these guys and they're head coaches. I can do that.' "

He moved to Oklahoma in 1966 and then, two years and one fateful winter night later, into the busy thoroughfares of Abilene, Texas, to corral a prize prospect. Unable to contain himself, Switzer stopped his car in the middle of the street that night and jumped out with the prospect in tow. Crouching in the eerie glow of the headlights, he began barking signals and then rolled out behind an imaginary line while the traffic screeched around him. Quarterback Jack Mildren, the most coveted high school player in Texas at the time, dug the demonstration and went on to lead the 1971 Sooners and their new wishbone attack to the most pro-

continued



ductive offensive season in the history of college football.

Why would anyone want to follow a man who runs the triple option against a traffic pattern? "I guess the big thing was I just liked him," says Mildren, now in the oil business in Midland, Texas. "People thought we'd lost our minds," says Switzer of the incident, "but, you know, I get emotionally swept up sometimes."

Like most anytime, even when he is presumably locked away from the world behind the steel "alumni-*proof*" front doors of his new $150,000 ranch home at 1917 Whispering Pines Circle. Less than a mile from the Norman campus, his sprawling retreat might just as well be on the 50-yard line at Owen Field when, as it inevitably does, the subject of football comes up.

"Boy, it's a great life," Switzer said one afternoon not long ago. He was lounging by his swimming pool in his bathing suit, still virtually the trim 6' 1", 207 pounds he was when he played for the Razorbacks. "You know," he went on, "if it was not for football, I'd be working the graveyard shift at the paper mill. Oh, I guess I'll hang it up when it quits affecting me. . ."

Then, almost as if the first strains of the fight song were wafting through the pines, Switzer leaned forward, stuck out his jaw for emphasis and said. "But I don't see how that will ever happen. . . . *Boomer Sooner, Boomer Sooner* . . . I mean, man, when you take a team down that ramp to play Texas, you damn well *feel* the emotion. . . . *Boomer Sooner, Boomer Sooner.* . . . When you hit the floor of that Cotton Bowl, there's electricity. And if you don't feel it, you oughta go have your saliva checked, fella. . . . *I'm a Sooner born and a Sooner bred.* . . . You watch those young guys going in there for the first time and right away they know they're somewhere special. Whoomp! Whoomp! They hear that hitting, those sounds like two pickup trucks running together out there and their eyes start rolling. . . . *And when I die, I'll be a Sooner dead.* . . . And when you win, boy, that's the best part. Sixteen of us in that pool there at 3 a.m. whooping and hollering . . . *Rah Oklahoma! Rah Oklahoma!* . . . Boy, that's fun! That's what comes with winning! . . . *Rah Oklahoma! O.K. U!*"

Switzer's wife Kay, arriving with a tray of Coors beers, shook her head. "Oh, those parties," she said. "We must have 150 people in here after the games. The first season I stayed up till 4:30 a.m. making dips. Next season, no dips, just peanuts. This past season, no peanuts, just drinks. I don't especially like messing around in the kitchen but Barry's always asking me to make duck gumbo. You see, my daddy, Slick McCollum, has this duck hunting club in Stutt-



gart, 2,000 acres, and I know about ducks. Fried squirrel with biscuits and gravy, too, which is my favorite."

Switzer, surrounded by his three children, Greg, 7, Kathy, 6 and Doug, 3, told the youngest to "go get Mommy's duck caller." Kay said, "Sometimes I think the only reason Barry went out with me is because I knew where the bass holes were at Daddy's place. I drove the boat and he fished. One Fourth of July we caught 80 bass. We hunted rabbits, quail, dove, pheasant and chukar. We went frog giggin', too. You'd just run your spotlight along the irrigation ditch and when you saw those big old eyes, you had you a bullfrog. Best frogs you ever tasted, legs bigger than a chicken's."

Then, while Switzer looked on admiringly, Kay did a medley on her duck caller, ending with a fluttering mating cry. "Sure sounds like an oversexed duck to me," Switzer said.

Later, while Barry barbecued a steak on the patio, Kay readied her garlic grits in the kitchen. A petite, energetic brunette, she said, "I met Barry at Arkansas. I was the featured twirler, you know, the drum majorette, and he was captain of the football team. Sounds so silly, doesn't it? Anyway, I was up for homecoming queen and when I came off the stage, here was this big old guy waiting. And he said, 'Okay, little girl, let's go.' And I said, 'Okay.' I thought he was Jim Moody, who was another big football deal. So we *dated around a bit, and we were married in 1963.*

"We've grown up a lot since then. He's come into himself a lot more, but sometimes I feel sorry for him. There are so many demands made on his time. He's always off speaking somewhere. He hasn't learned how to say no yet. That'll change, I know, but in a way I don't have him anymore. He is the public's."

Switzer is most definitely the prize property of Greater Soonerdom, or "north of Dallas and south of Wichita," as he defines it. In one typically hectic week this spring he made his appointed rounds like a Dust Bowl twister, touching down just long enough to make his whirling presence felt.

The week began shortly after dawn with Switzer casting his favorite chartreuse spinner into a farm pond on the outskirts of Norman. But, as usual these days, he was not alone. ABC-TV was out in force and Announcer Keith Jackson was seated next to Switzer on the bank, quizzing him about the upcoming season. Just as Jackson posed the inevitable question about Texas, Switzer twitched—not out of sensitivity to the subject but to set his hook. "Hey, how 'bout that," Switzer cried, pulling in a flopping 1½-pound smallmouth. "People are gonna think this interview was fixed." The producer, Terry Jastrow, was jubilant. "*American Sportsman* spends a month trying to get footage like that," he said.

A farmer who had wandered out to see what that man with a TV camera was doing up in his tree had a more piquant observation. "Y'all like poison ivy?" he asked Switzer and Jackson. "Well, y'all must 'cause you're sittin' in a mess of it."

Three afternoons later, after a speaking date, Switzer was barreling down Interstate 35 in his red-and-white Cadillac Coupe deVille en route to yet another appearance. Jerry Pettibone, his recruiting coordinator, was at the wheel, talking into a CB radio microphone. "You got old Big Red southbound," Pettibone crooned. "Whatta ya got?" In answer to the crackling reply from a woman, he said, "Okay, Brown Eyes, you shake the trees, I'll rake the leaves."

Switzer, sitting in the backseat and sipping from a tumbler of Chivas Regal, said, "We travel a bunch up and down this road recruiting. Call ourselves the Red River Raiders. And the CB radio helps us go faster, cover more territory. We got to. Shoot, they got more 6' 3", 250-pound guys in Los Angeles County than we got in all of Oklahoma. And there are a whole lot more guys playing football in Texas than anywhere. So we got to move out. It's a mathematical equation."

Kicking off his shoes and curling up on the seat, Switzer continued, "One of the reasons for the great Oklahoma tradition is that everybody is united in this state. Some people here may not have heard of Will Rogers or Mickey Mantle or Johnny Bench, home-grown boys, but everybody sure knows about Oklahoma football. You walk into towns in this state and it's all Big Red, baby. It's a common bond. There aren't but three major universities in Oklahoma, but in Texas there are about 13 major schools alone, and allegiances are divided. Here it's oil and Oklahoma football.

"This place we're going to today, Ardmore, is supposed to have more millionaires *per capita* than anywhere. Oil millionaires. And they're all looking for tax write-offs. So we tell 'em 'If you're going to give $100,000 to the government, why not give it to our athletic program instead and get a 100% write-off?' These guys help us in all kinds of ways. Hey, we got 60 airplanes at our disposal. We use 'em to bring in recruits or fly the staff and their wives down to Las Vegas or the Bahamas for some deep-sea fishing. These men help us. We help them by giving them a winning football team. Here, give me that thing."

Leaning forward, Switzer took the CB mike and said, "Hey, 18-wheeler, this is Mr. Pigskin. Where's your home 20?" Blue Tanker said he was from Dallas. "Thought so," Switzer said. "What kinda team Texas gonna have, Blue Tanker?" "The best," Blue Tanker said, adding that two of his first cousins were on the Longhorns. "Well, maybe you'll think differently when Oklahoma makes it six in a row this season," Switzer said. Blue Tanker cackled. "Okay, Blue Tanker, put the pedal to the metal. It's clean and green all the way. This is Mr. Pigskin, over and out."

When Switzer arrived at the Dornick Hills Country Club in Ardmore he was pulled into a group of OU boosters standing at the bar listening to a cherubic little man tell of his latest trip to Europe. "So the customs official looked at my passport," the man half-giggled, "and said, 'Oklahoma, huh. How many oil wells you got?' And I said, 'I don't know. I haven't been home in a week.'" As the group roared with laughter, 85-year-old Mort Wood, who played for OU, approached Switzer and said, "Barry, if you got three hours I'll tell you how it was in 1909, how 15 men played three games in six days. Both ways."

At the banquet Switzer rose to a standing ovation. He was to auction off a pair of OU jerseys worn by graduating seniors Leroy and Dewey Selmon. "I'll bid $250 and give $10,000 to have those boys back," he said, and then pro-

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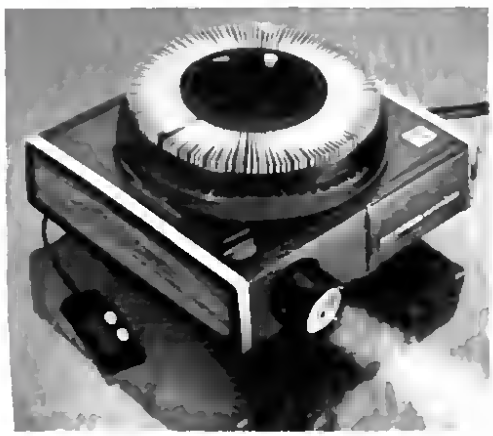
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ceeded to sell the pair of jerseys for $1,800.

It was long after midnight when Switzer regrouped with several assistants at a brick tavern down the road from the country club. Lacewell, wearing a John Deere cap he had borrowed from one of the locals at the bar, was doing a monologue about how his tractor pulled to the left. As the hijinks wore on, David Bliss, the Oklahoma basketball coach, kept shaking his head. "Hey, Dave," Lacewell shouted, "tell 'em how you knew you were in a football conference when you were 9 and 17 and were named Big Eight Coach of the Year."

Bliss, a New Yorker and a Cornell graduate, looked about as out of place as a debutante at a hog sloppin'. Smiling and still shaking his head, he said more to himself than anyone, "It's amazing. How do these guys win a single game?"

Next day, accompanied by Pettibone, Switzer flew to New Orleans. The reason for his trip to the city was St. Augustine High's Louis Oubré, the state's top lineman. "He will dress out at about 6' 6", 270 pounds by the time he plays for Oklahoma," Switzer said. "I understand the Louisiana governor called on Louis and said that it would be a crime if he went to college outside the state. And Louis said, 'Well, I guess I'm guilty.' Blacks know that Oklahoma was the first major college team in the South and Southwest to integrate and that we've had seven black captains. They appreciate that and so do we."

At the St. Augustine sports banquet that night Switzer delivered a rousing speech about "being a good student, a good person first and let football take care of itself." Then he went to a private, predominantly black social club with the St. Augustine coaches and talked football and joined in the Second Line, an old New Orleans jazz dance, ending with a tour of Bourbon Street in the wee hours.

The next evening, Switzer was back on the road, this time to Oklahoma City where he emceed an exhibition tennis match at the Myriad Convention Center. "You know what he's been doing all day?" said Kay. "He's been practicing how to say Bjorn Borg." At the cocktail party afterward, Switzer sidled up to John Newcombe, who was surrounded by twittering women seeking autographs, and said, "Hey, don't overdo it, fella.

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You're in my town now." And off Switzer went, sliding down the banister leading to the Myriad garage.

At breakfast the next morning Breathless Barry was still flying, eagerly penciling on a coffee-shop placemat the improvements that were being made with $5.3 million raised in a donor program that he helped formulate: new upper deck on the stadium, new press box, new coaches' offices, new training facilities, new dressing rooms, new football dormitory—all of them sketched in loving detail.

Later, in his office, Switzer talked about how he regretted the demands that keep him away from the two things he cherishes most, his family and the kind of coaching he enjoyed when he was an assistant. "My daughter really gives it to me," he said. "She keeps saying, 'All you ever do is change your clothes here, Daddy.' I feel bad about that but I've got to do it all now.

"There are compensations. You know, the byproduct of playing on a great football team is that you're a better person. You perform better. On the field, in school, everywhere. But when you lose, when you get half a hundred hung on you on a Saturday—boy, that ain't fun. You can't look your date in the eye. She doesn't kiss you as good. You wear your letter sweater inside out. I know. I been there. I been to drive-ins where you sat in your car and ate while everyone else went inside. But when you win—boy, that's fun. You blossom, you bloom. It makes all the difference."

Explaining how last season he barred Horace Ivory, the team's second-leading rusher, from playing in the Orange Bowl because he had an altercation with a coach, Switzer allowed, "Yes, you can have fun, but you've got to have discipline. We sit down with the players, socialize with them. But I'm still coach. I tell them, 'There ain't nothing you can do that I ain't done. And if you put me to a test, that is one test you're going to flunk.' "

At that moment, Center Mike Spencer strolled in and said, "Hey, Coach, I just wanted to let you know that I'm taking a mate this summer."

Switzer stared him in the eye. "You realize," he said, "that scholarship won't anywhere near cover your expenses?"

Spencer nodded and Switzer went on,

continued

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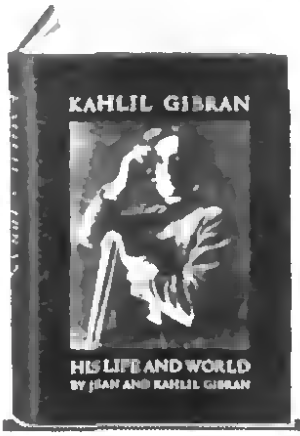
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Spencer smiled Switzer smiled, got up, shook his hand and said, "Congratulations."

After Spencer left, Switzer remarked, "He'll be a senior He's got good smarts and he'll do just fine. But some of these young guys get married and later on down the line their wife's out working and they're hanging around the Union with all the pretty girls It don't work. I've postponed a few of 'em from getting married."

Stretching back in his chair, Switzer said, "You know, I'd like to think that we help every one of the young men who come with us to build a foundation for the next 50 years of his life Lots of guys say the reason they're going to college is to play football. But I tell 'em the silly game of football isn't that important Really, when you're going to live 70 years, how important is football? What's important is to learn how to be a better person, to gain confidence and believe in being successful."

Later, while driving the visitor back to his motel, Switzer was asked if it was true that he had a temper Twisting his face into an angry scowl, he hit the brakes, pounded on the dashboard and roared, "Who said I have a temper! Who said it? Tell me who and that sumbitch'll have a U-Haul trailer behind his car by sundown!"

Then Switzer laughed.

A few minutes later, Switzer spotted one of his players walking on the side of the highway and he pulled over. "Hey, Horace," he shouted "Where ya going? The dorm? Okay, hop in I'll drop you off."

Horace Ivory got in Asked what that large silver implement stuck in his hair was, Ivory pulled it out and said, "My comb" "That's your Afro rake," Switzer countered. "And where else you gonna carry a big thing like that but in your hair Right, Horace? You put that thing in your pocket and sit down on it and they'll have to give you a jillion tetanus shots."

Ivory laughed Switzer laughed. The visitor laughed.

And Walt Disney couldn't have written a better ending to a fine clear Oklahoma morning. **END**











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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 26-Aug. 1

BOXING—Korea's YUM DONG KYUN won a split decision in Pusan over Rigoberto Riasco of Panama and was declared, pending WBC review, super bantamweight champion when American Referee Larry Rosadilla reversed his original verdict and told clamoring fans he had misread his scorecard

PRO FOOTBALL—In the first week of exhibition play the champion Steelers coasted to a 24–14 win over New Orleans. Juiceless Buffalo fell to Detroit 20–17 and Calvin Hill made his Redskin debut as Washington beat Atlanta 17–10. John McKay's first game as coach of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers was ruined by the Rams, 26–3. reserve Quarterback Don Strock led the Dolphins to a 16–3 victory over the Vikings and Baltimore routed Cleveland 21–0. Fred Steinfort, heir apparent to George Blanda, booted a 27-yard field goal to give Oakland a 17–14 win over Dallas. After a scoreless first quarter between a pair of last season's losers, San Diego charged to a 20–7 win over Philadelphia. Joe Namath and Richard Todd shared quarterback but couldn't save the Jets from a 13–12 defeat by St. Louis, and Denver fell to Chicago 15–14. Archie Griffin rushed 12 times for 49 yards, and reserve Ed Williams scored two second-half touchdowns to carry Cincinnati past Green Bay 23–17. Seattle fell to San Francisco 27–20, and New England trounced the Giants 13–7 in overtime

GOLF—BRIAN (Buddy) ALLIN posted his first PGA victory in two years, edging Ben Crenshaw by one stroke in the $200,000 Pleasant Valley Classic in Sutton, Mass. His seven-under-par 277 included a one-under 70 for the final round

HARNESS RACING—STEVE LOBLLL (S8.80), driven by Billy Haughton, won the $202,004 Yonkers Trot at Yonkers Raceway, N.Y., first leg of the trotting triple crown, in 2:01⅘.

Keeping it in the family, Peter Haughton drove WINDSHIELD WIPER ($6.40) to victory in 2:01⅗ in the Gaines Memorial Pace at Vernon Downs, Vernon, N.Y.

MOTOR SPORTS—JAMES HUNT of England, leading from start to finish in his McLaren-Ford M23, won the 50th German Grand Prix at Adenau, West Germany. World champion Niki Lauda is in critical condition after suffering extensive injuries when his Ferrari spun off the track and burst into flames.

A. J. FOYT, pole sitter in both the Indy and stock car portions of the Twin 150s at the Texas World Speedway in College Station, won the Indy part in his Coyote-Ford at an average speed of 172.885 mph after qualifying at 207.314 mph. He then drove a 1976 Chevelle to victory in the USAC stock-car event, averaging 115.981 mph.

RICHARD PETTY won his first Grand National stock-car race since February, fending off Buddy Baker for a 50-yard victory and averaging 115.675 mph for 500 miles on the 2.5-mile Pocono (Pa.) International Raceway trioval in his Dodge. Baker's second-place earnings of $13,465 made him the fifth $1-million winner in NASCAR history, joining Petty, David Pearson, Cale Yarborough and Bobby Allison.

OLYMPIC GAMES—World records continued to fall as the Games of the XXI Olympiad drew to a close. Decathlon winner BRUCE JENNER of the U.S. scored a new high, 8,618 points. Sweden's ANDERS GARDERUD set a world mark of 8:08.02 in the 3,000-meter steeplechase, and MIKLOS NEMETH of Hungary threw the javelin 318' 4". VASILY ALEXEYEV of the Soviet Union lifted an Olympic-record 408 pounds in the snatch, then had a world-record clean and jerk of 562 for a total of 970 and a gold. IRENA SZEWINSKA of Poland ran the 400-meter dash in a world record 49.29. In the 800-meter run, TATYANA KAZANKINA of the Soviet Union, who came in first, and NIKOLINA CHTERENA of Bulgaria, silver medalist, both bettered the world mark with times of 1:54.94 and 1:55.42, respectively. The East German 4x400 relay team of DORIS MALETZKI, BRIGITTE ROHDE, ELLEN STRLIDT and CHRISTINE BREHMER set a record of 3:19.23, and LUANN RYON of the U.S., who won the archery gold medal with a total score of 2,499 points, had a world-record single round of 1,282. Finland's LASSE VIREN became the first man to win the 5,000 and 10,000 meters in two consecutive Olympics, then went on to finish fifth in the marathon. VIKTOR SANEYEV of the Soviet Union became the first triple jumper to win the event at three straight Olympics, and ALBERTO JUANTORENA recorded another first when he won both the 400 and 800 meters.

SOCCER—NASL. With two weeks of the regular season left, six of the 12 playoff berths have been claimed. Vancouver's two victories, over Philadelphia 3–1 and St. Louis 5–0, assured the Whitecaps of a spot, with the others going to San Jose (which beat Miami 3–0), New York, Tampa Bay (the Rowdies shut out Hartford 7–0), Chicago and Minnesota. In the Cosmos' 4–0 win over Dallas, George Chinaglia scored three goals and now trails league leader Derek Smethurst (42 points) by five, with Pelé in third place six behind.

ASL. Los Angeles became the first team to clinch a playoff berth when the Skyhawks beat Utah 3–0. It was Brian Parkinson's eighth shutout of the season and the team's 11th. Utah split two with Oakland, losing 3–2 and winning 1–0. Tacoma downed Sacramento 6–0 and then routed Oakland 9–0, with Brooks Cryder and Windsor Del Llano each getting three goals and Dave Chadwick two goals and one assist. Chadwick's season total of nine goals and seven assists leads the league. New York moved into first place in the East by beating Rhode Island 2–1. In New York's game with New Jersey, Apollo Peter Tavares was banned from the club and suspended from playing soccer for two years for attacking a referee who had ejected him from the game.

TENNIS—WTT. Defending champion Pittsburgh started the week in fourth place and climbed to third in a bid for a playoff berth. The Triangles beat Phoenix 29–20, but lost to second place Cleveland 29–24 as Martina Navratilova handed Evonne Goolagong a surprising 6–0 defeat. They then downed Indiana 25–24 and Golden Gate 26–22 and now trail Cleveland by one game. In the Western Division, Phoenix had its share of problems as flu stricken Chris Evert missed three matches and the division leaders lost to Pittsburgh twice, to Hawaii 13I–16 and 32–24, and 28–26 to New York. Second-place Golden Gate won its match with New York 29–27.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: RON ROBERTS, 32, who guided the Georgia Southern team to NCAA tournament qualification four straight years, as golf coach at Wake Forest.

HONORED: JOHN SHUMATE, Buffalo Braves forward who missed the 1974-75 season because of illness, then came back to finish second only to Wes Unseld in NBA field-goal percentage, shooting last season with the Maurice Stokes Award.

RETIRED: MIKE BASS, Washington Redskin starting cornerback who played in 104 consecutive games since 1969 as the result of a neck injury suffered last season.

DIED: GEORGE SOLDERS, 75, who as a rookie won the 1927 Indianapolis 500 after starting 22nd, driving a Duesenberg at an average speed of 97.545 mph, in Lafayette, Ind.

CREDITS

12—Drawing by Arnold Roth. 14, 15—Heinz Kluetmeier. 16, 17—Neil Leifer (2), Walter Iooss Jr. (2), Heinz Kluetmeier. 18, 19—James Drake, Neil Leifer. 20—Heinz Kluetmeier, Walter Iooss Jr. 24–28—Neil Leifer. 30, 31—Tony Triolo, Neil Leifer. 32—Heinz Kluetmeier, Tony Triolo. 34, 35—Walter Iooss Jr. 36, 37—Neil Leifer, Heinz Kluetmeier. 38, 39—Tony Triolo (2), Eric Schweikardt (2). 87—Tony Triolo. 88—George Long. 89—Volante (2).

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK JAROSZ
NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

The first swimmer ever to hold three New York state high school records simultaneously (1100 freestyle, 47.2, 200 free, 1:43.2, and 500 free 4:40.2), Mark, 19, a high school All-America, was voted State Swimmer of the Year.



RHONDA SCHWANOT
LOS ALAMITOS, CALIF.

The youngest member of a four-girl gymnastics team from California, 13-year-old Rhonda individually won two gold medals and two silvers and her team won the bronze at the World High School Games in Orléans, France.



ROBERT McNAMARA
EDINA, MINN.

The first Masters racquetball player to score a grand slam, McNamara, a 45-year-old businessman, won both the International and National Association Masters Singles titles and then the Canadian Open championship in Edmonton, Canada.



DOUG BEECHLER
WILLIAMSTOWN, N.J.

During a junior tournament at the Pitman Country Club, Doug, 14, had two eagles, nine birdies and 11 one-putt greens for a course-record 58. He had a 33 for the first nine and 25 on the back nine of the par-71, 6,000-yard layout.



SUSAN RUSSO
ELISA

Leading her team to a 15–0 season record and the Fourth Grade Girls' Fast Pitch Softball City championship, Susan, 10, allowed only 14 hits in seven games, pitched a no-hitter, had a one-hitter with 15 strikeouts and batted .893.



JAMES ETTARI
BELLMORE, N.Y.

During the Junior Police Olympics on Randalls Island, N.Y., James, 15, won two gold medals when he put the shot 56' 7½" and threw the 1,000-gram junior discus 138 feet. He also earned a silver medal in the 880-yard relay.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NO POLITICS (CONT.)

Sir

I thoroughly disagree with reader Thomas F. Lester (July 26), who stated that Olympic athletes should compete in "neutral" uniforms and that national anthems of winning countries should not be played. Let's get politics out of sport, but not nationalism. As an American, I am intensely interested in what the representatives of my country do in the Olympics, and I am intensely proud when our national anthem is played after a young American athlete has proven himself best in his particular field. I can understand how citizens of other countries feel when one of their athletes has excelled.

Just how can members of a team sport, such as basketball, compete as "neutrals"? If, for instance, Cuba defeats Brazil in basketball, do you then say, "Neutral Team E defeated Neutral Team J"? I doubt if the citizens of either country, particularly the winning one, will buy that.

No, Mr. Lester, it isn't nationalism that needs to be removed from the Olympics. Granted, it is now fashionable to knock patriotism, but I feel that national pride is an integral part of Olympic competition. It is only when politicians use their country's athletes for political reasons that the purpose of the Games is lost.

RALPH PETTIT
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir:

My thanks to Frank Deford for the last sentence in his article *Dark Genius of Dissent* (July 26): "In Montreal there was the very real concern that sport and its youthful athletic pawns were being damaged a great deal more [by the African withdrawals] than South Africa."

NICHOLAS THIEM
Mankato, Minn.

Sir

The African Olympic boycott does not do justice to a group of New Zealanders who, for no other motive than the competition and comradeship of the sport, traveled to South Africa to play rugby. It is a crime that a game in which men will travel 1,000 miles to beat the hell out of each other, then shake hands and drink together should be used as the reason for political action between countries. It is a greater crime that Filbert Bayi and other great athletes must pay the price.

TIM ACKERT
Houston

Sir

I have in my home a transistor radio, a hand calculator, several work shirts, sandals, etc., all bearing the label "Made in Taiwan." Nowhere on the items is there any mention of "The Repuhlic of China."

But it seems that when Taiwan's athletes show up at the Olympic Games, these persons are stamped "Republic of China," not "Taiwan." I, for one, would like to have someone explain the reason for this inconsistency.

CHARLES D. MCGUINNESS
Prosser, Wash.

NO LONGER OBSCURE

Sir:

While I was marveling along with the rest of the world at gymnastics' newest sensation, Nadia Comaneci, I recalled a SCORECARD item from your Jan. 12 issue. In it you told of two people who had been named male and female athletes of the world for 1975, although they were so obscure you challenged readers to guess their respective sports and accomplishments. One of them was Comaneci, whose name has now become a household word. Who knows what new star will emerge at Moscow? Perhaps that other world-class athlete cited in your SCORECARD—what was his name again?

DONALD ROSE
North Palm Beach, Fla.

• João de Oliveira. The world-record holder in the triple jump, he could manage only a bronze medal in Montreal and tied for fourth in the long jump.—ED

OTTERS AND ABALONES

Sir:

Thanks to Bil Gilbert for an extremely fair and illuminating wildlife article (*Dept. of Otter Confusion*, July 26) and to SI for continuing its high-quality, high-interest conservation reporting. Gilbert's steadfast refusal to take sides was refreshing and realistic to a reader accustomed to the subjective harangues of *Audubon* magazine and the like. Both kinds of reporting are necessary, yet given the diversified readership you can offer on an ecological issue, perhaps yours is the more effective—for the otter.

MARGARET SIGMAN
New York City

Sir:

Here we have two factions raging mightily at each other over who should be allowed the pleasure of killing shellfish—sport and commercial fishermen or sea otters—while the real victims of this continuing slaughter seem to be getting no relief. Where, oh, where are the friends of the abalone?

DUANE NORBURG
Salina, Kans.

PITCHES FOR PALMER—AND DEFORD

Sir

The quality of Frank Deford's article about Jim Palmer (*In a Strike Zone of His Own*, July 26) matches the quality of the man. Palmer is a throwback to a breed of individualistic athletes that will become extinct with his departure from baseball. He is in the same class as the DiMaggios, Babe Ruth and Dizzy Dean. So let the Messersmiths, Catfishes and all the other prima donnas with their fat salaries take a hard look. Palmer is a superstar, something they can only pretend to be.

NICHOLAS C. FIORE
Towson, Md.

Sir

The story on Jim Palmer was another example of why SI is in a "zone of its own." If Frank Deford ever became unhappy with his salary and "wrote out his option," I'm sure he'd be the Catfish Hunter of journalism.

And if the time ever comes when Palmer is not getting what he is worth from the Oriole management, the people of Baltimore would be wise to pick up the tab.

BOBBY PAGE
Las Vegas

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Sir

In the article on Joan Joyce (*She's Still Wonder Woman*, July 26) Joe Jares stated that Royal Beaird, manager of the Southern California Gems of the Women's Professional Softball Association, had been fired by me. This is incorrect. Beaird removed himself and his daughters Rosie Black, Eileen Francabandera and Karen Beaird from the team. The action came after I exercised my prerogative as an owner in making some organizational changes in the front office.

I also want to make it clear that I think Rosie Black is one of the top softball pitchers in the world and a super human being. I am sorry she and her sisters decided to leave the Gems.

DENNIS A. MURPHY
President
International Women's Professional
Softball Association
Fullerton, Calif.

DANDY RANDY (CONT.)

Sir

Reading your article on Randy Jones (*Uncommon Success for a Common Man*, July 12) and observing him mow down the American League in the All-Star Game sent me to the attic looking through my back issues of SI for Ted Williams' article on hitting (*The Science of Hitting*, July 8, 1968).

By his own admission, Ted Williams, the

continued

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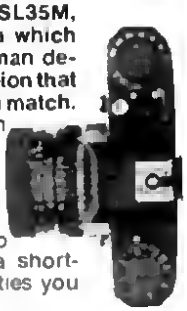
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greatest swinger of a bat in baseball would have hit only .250 against Jones who generally pitches to the kneecap strike zone. We hear the experts write and talk about Jones winning 30. How about 35 or 36?

If we apply Williams' theory to all National League hitters that Jones faces, they will average hitting about .190, with nearly all of the hits comprising that lowly average being singles. How do you beat him? With much difficulty and very seldom.

Jones may be the first of a new breed that could well dominate the game for years to come by the use of finesse and control with the basic aim of keeping the ball low at all times.

Williams, discussing the difficulty of hitting, in his 1968 article, may have said it all when he wrote "Then there are the damn pitching coaches who stand at the batting cage and yell at the pitchers to 'Keep it low, keep it low.'"

JERRY YOUNG
Horton, Kans.

NO TRICKS

Sir:

In his article on the U.S. Women's Open (*A Mountain of Trouble*, July 19), Barry McDermott failed to recognize that a major championship is supposed to be an extremely difficult test of golf. The Rolling Green Golf Club was in no way tricked up for the Open; it is simply an outstanding golf course.

In fact, several of the women veterans on the tour have quietly expressed a desire to play more courses of the caliber of Rolling Green. As young Amy Alcott said, pointing to her head, "You have to have it between these six inches." It took a lot more than a long ball.

JANE P. LEIMBACH
Swarthmore, Pa.

TRUE VALUES

Sir:

Kenny Moore's message of hope to all believers in the Olympic ideal (*Flame in the Wind*, July 19) simply proves once again what his loyal readers have always known: that his skill and dedication as an athlete are equaled by his sensitivity and insight as an author. His articles for SI give us a glimpse into the mind of a courageous and compassionate man. Now, when the human worth of sports is so often obscured by big business and big politics, both fans and athletes need reassurance more than ever before. Thank you, Mr. Moore, for championing the true Olympic values with eloquence and conviction.

DAVID J. ZIMNY
LIANE M. ZIMNY
Lansing, Mich.

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